

**LANARKSHIRE (Partick).—**Sir Charles Tennant (G.), who was defeated for Peeblesshire at the last election, will, it is believed, accept an invitation to stand for the division. He is a personal friend of Mr. Gladstone. Sir James King (C.), late Lord Provost of Glasgow, will probably be asked to stand by the Unionists. He left on Wednesday last for Canada.



## STRANGE TRADES AND PROFESSIONS.

By STANLEY CATCHPOL.

### I.—PSEUDO JEWELLERS.

It is often asserted with considerable veracity that one half the world knows not how the other half lives.

A few of the latter sort we will endeavour to bring before a public view, and show by what tricks a great number within our midst obtain, if not a luxurious life, at least one of comparative ease.

When idleness and vice were first linked together in matrimony is needless to inquire, but their union must have occurred at a very remote date and lasted through many successive generations, for it reigns, like other alliances, round our hearths and homes. If not connected by bonds of blood and affection, it is linked without our knowledge to us by chains of supposed gold.

Every article of bijouterie exposed in a shop window for sale is not always epic and span new, as our unwritten lines will try and prove. But before the curtain is raised to allow the favoured half to become acquainted how some of their fellow-creatures subsist, let one and all thoroughly understand that what the reader is not an aerial flight of imagination, but honest and hard sought-out facts. Curiosity has led our steps into an auction-room. Watches, chains, rings, and one hundred or more of other things change owners.

Among the motley group of buyers one we have singled out, and him we will follow. He is a long stalk of a man, in height over six feet; his features are sharpened by a long, thin, hook nose, the cheeks sunken and flabby, though partly hidden by sparsely grown whiskers and moustache of flaxen hair. His eyes are small, grey, and glittering, and he comes forward to show his purchases to another man, the smile upon his thin lips causes them to open, revealing an irregular set of yellow teeth. The face is not repulsive, but it is a most cruel one; not a ray of kindness nor a glimmer of pity ever rested there. The physiognomy, in this instance, is indicative of the man.

The conversation between the two was carried on in slang English, interspersed with a few low words of Hebrew origin, though neither of them was a Jew. To render them intelligible, we will use our own words in translation to the best of our ability in the common vernacular.

"Made up a bit, Parson," showing a handful of jewels. "And when the watches are christened we ought to clear three pounds at least."

"More, Bill; seven I reckon, if your missis takes one lot and I the other," replied the party addressed as Parson.

"My missis must do what I tell her," said the other, with a hideous grin upon his face, "or she feels the weight of my five knuckles on the side of her head."

"That's right. I suppose she knows the strength of your arm as well as I know the length of your punch."

"She know's I'm master, and my will is law. I stand no shilly-shallying with women. They're born to be ruled; their duty is to do what they are wanted to do. If mine doesn't, a lift under the ear, and down she pops on her knees, says she's sorry, and will do what I want."

"You're a lucky chap to possess such a wife. I'm often asked about the prices she gets. There's mine—about the good she is to lie in bed with a doctor ever at her side. If it weren't for the youngsters I should have been off long ago."

"Leave the women alone for the present, Parson, and let's be off to Clerkenwell."

The other appeared willing to change the topic, and at once tapping the middle finger of his left hand with the fourth of the right, rejoined:

"Two bobworth on the lock. The rings had better be coloured. The diamond won't cost more than a bob to polish. It'll fetch another sovereign if touched up a bit."

"You'll have a couple of pennyweight put on the lock?"

"Of course, Bill; that means six shillings more on the transaction."

"Let's be going!"

Long Bill, as the tall man was nicknamed, and his companion, Parson, whose sobriquet was given on account of his being often seen in the dress of a dissenting minister, left the auction-room and turned their steps to that part of London where, to its credit, many a thousand honest hard sons of toil gain a livelihood in the manufacture of all kinds of jewellery, but where, nevertheless, a few—a very few—of the trickiest class also live.

As there is a black sheep in every flock, so every neighbourhood has its idle, drunken loafers, who live by some system of scheming. Honest labour seems poison to their minds; industry a word not known within their vocabulary.

The pair walked on until they reached a narrow street bordered on each side by one-storied houses. At one of these they knocked. After a minute or so the door was opened by a dirty-looking girl of fourteen, with eyes red with crying.

"Is your father in?" inquired Long Bill.

"No, he's round the corner, where he stays all day unless you come."

"All right, Miss Sharpshin," answered the questioner, who, with his companion, strolled round the corner indicated, and entered a public-house. Seated in a corner, with a pewter pot at his side, a short black clay pipe in his mouth, was a diminutive man in his shirt sleeves and apron, discoloured by rouse and dirt. His face, putting aside the appearance of the set, was intelligent, with large open eyes, which sparkled with a beam of pleasure as he caught sight of the two worthies.

"Why, Peke, on the booze?"

"No, I'm not on the booze, Mr. Parson. I'm just having a quiet half-pint, and I don't mind having another if you have brought me something to do."

"A seven bob job this time, my old fuddler. Have another drink and then to work. We want them for the market to-morrow."

The three had a drink, left, and went to the house of the man addressed as Peke. Entering the ground floor back, they carefully closed and locked the door. Shifting the table from the centre of the room, they took up an old piece of carpet, exposing a trap door. It was easily raised, and into the dark space all three descended. Peke went first, struck a lucifer, then moved on one side a sliding stone which covered a grating. A flood of daylight instantly revealed what to all appearance was a workshop. There was a lathe, an electro-plater's battery, a bench full of engravers' tools, and many other things appertaining to the jeweller's art.

Parson emptied his pockets of a thick gold Albert and a lady's necklace, a large oval locket, a wedding, keeper, and lady's gem ring. A bracelet then followed, a silver lever watch, and several sovereigns. Each coin was jealously weighed, the heaviest being reserved, while the lighter ones found their way again into Parson's pocket.

The battery being set in motion two shillingsworth of gold was sweated from sovereign number one, and transferred to the nine-carat Albert, each link being stamped with initials, which were neither fifteen nor eighteen, but could be taken for either. The same amount of precious metal was added to the necklace from another coin. The silver watch also came in for additional ore, with the same curious stamp upon the inside of the case and dome. To accomplish this the "life" of the article operated upon was taken out, and the name plate taken off to permit the name of some well-known maker to be cleverly chased upon it. This process is termed chiselling. The locket next came in for its share of kindly treatment. The glasses were lifted out, and a pennyweight of white lead snugly lodged inside the two hollows. To make the deception more complete, one side was covered by the portrait of a dear old lady with white curls on each cheek; to face her was a very benevolent old gentleman. Then the glasses were readjusted, and the two rings to hold them in so beautifully soldered down that the

hardest eye would fail to detect anything wrong. The rings and bracelet then received a modicum of gold extracted so easily from her Majesty's coin. Even the diamond had its face touched up, making it sparkle with unwonted lustre.

In four hours the job was finished. Mr. Peke having received seven shillings by the Mint losing ten. This gentleman, upon closer acquaintance, divulged his history. Apprenticed to an engraver and worker in gold, he taught himself the art of faking and electro-plating, and the much more difficult art of diamond cutting and polishing. Though hardly five feet high, he was considered by more than one of our best firms their most experienced workman, and unsurpassed in his steady habits of industry. At the age of twenty-five the matrimonial chain was thrown round his neck by a woman of dissolute principles, who ended by leaving her husband alone with their one child, a little girl of three. This pining upon his mind, the tap-room gave him more shelter than his wife's home; consequently no one would give him employment, and bit by bit he drifted into what we now behold him, his end to terminate either in a prison or madhouse.

Another drink, and Parson and Long Bill were on their way to their separate homes, to meet again on the morrow. The morrow came, and with it the great second Bill, accompanied by a wee delicate woman. The pinched face, the quivering lips, the swollen eyes, and trembling hands, as he grasped the wrist of the frail creature, told a story of woe and sorrow. She was a pale, thin, and delicate woman, who should have shielded her face from all harm. She is looking up in the giant's face, and, by her manner, seems to be pleading, praying of him to return once more to the road of honest labour, such as they walked in when he half-frightened her by his great height and strength in the days when they were wooing. She knows where she is going; she knows only too well what she has got to do; it's not the first time she has been dragged to a similar action. She is a poor, wretched, and miserable creature, who is the only joy of her life, the society of her little tottling boy, will be lost to her. She feels so weak from actual fear at the man at her side that she dare not disobey. Twice she staggers and would have fallen had he not growled out a question, "If she was drunk?"

She makes no reply, but pulls the crape veil she wears over her tear-stained face. She is dressed in widow's weeds. At the corner of a street Parson is seen in his clerical clothes and modest pious face. At the sight of Long Bill, his timid wife he falls in rear. There is a fierce whisper from the husband to the wife previous to entering a pawnbroker's. Then in a broken voice she begs the favour of a loan upon some articles of jewellery until she is able to settle about some money she is to receive through the death of her husband. Drops fall from her eyes upon the counter; they are real drops, caused by the false part she is made to play. The pawnbroker, thinking he has a genuine respectable person before him, is touched with a large pity. Although the price is more than he really ought to lend, the goods are of fine gold, marked eighteen carat, showing well on the stone. Yet he hesitates, but she pleads and pleads about her dear husband, her darling children—she will be sure to redeem them in a few weeks. A man's voice in another box—it is the Parson's—is heard in a hasty, though meek, manner to request the advance of a sum of money upon a gold watch and chain. He is a clergyman from the country, and has either been robbed or lost his purse, and desires a temporary loan to enable him to pay his travelling expenses home. He will be sure to forward more than sufficient on the morrow to recover the pledged articles. Both man and woman urge the person behind the counter how necessary it is for him to be expeditious, the two talking at the same moment, one in broken accents, the other firmly, but gently. The pawnbroker becomes a trifle flurried, and does not examine the jewels before him quite so minutely as he would have done had he been quiet. The money is advanced, twelve pounds to one person, eight to the other. The Parson is the first to get out, and hurries away from the shop; the woman reels, but recovers sufficiently to refuse a kindly proffered glass of water. She dare not remain; the pledged things are still lying upon a back shelf, and a re-examination might take place before she leaves; if so, all would be discovered. She would be detained. The prison is before her, the face of her baby boy is also in her mind. Mastering the faintness coming over, she hastens out. Long Bill is waiting a little distance off, and the moment the wife comes up he clutches the money so fiercely that he hurts her. She gives no cry of pain; she is a woman, and her husband has so very often said she must do as he is told. She is thrust into a public-house; the Parson is there, brandy is poured down the high unconscious woman's throat, the men drink their faces, cracking and successful smiles upon their faces, cracking a coarse joke respecting the day's earnings. Not such a bad one either; thirteen pounds worth of goods bought under the hammer one day and sold the next for twenty.

The partners separate to meet again, and again carry on their nefarious business. Long Bill and his frail wife, the wife who detests the continual acts of dishonesty, go home. If she murmurs, a blow sends her to the floor, and he is the father of her child. Were she to complain to friends or relations there would be an exposure, her husband would soon be a convict, and the little life which she cuddles up to her bosom at nights would be branded as a felon's child.

This is but one of many tricks carried on by men who call themselves dealers in jewellery. No reflection is cast upon the trade generally—heaven forbid!—but in the midst of this great city of ours there are scores and scores of such persons as we have attempted to describe.

### A DANGEROUS LEVEL CROSSING.

An inquest was held at Gravesend on the body of a little girl, named Alice, aged 5 years. The deceased and two other children were passing a level crossing at Tilbury, on the London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway, when a passing train came upon them. One was knocked to the side of the line, and received comparatively slight injuries, and the other two were thrown into the four-foot way, but fortunately the wheels of the carriages did not touch them. Both, however, sustained fracture of the skull from the blow given by the engine, and the deceased subsequently died at the Gravesend Hospital. The coroner said a fatal accident occurred at the same crossing eighteen months ago. The jury then made a recommendation to the railway company that they should make provision for the safety of the public, but nothing had been done. The jury returned a verdict that deceased was accidentally killed; but made a strong recommendation that the coroner should write to the railway company asking them to do something to prevent a recurrence of the sad accidents that had taken place at the crossing.

### A SINGULAR FATALITY.

Mr. S. F. Langham held an inquest at St. Bartholomew's Hospital regarding the death of Frederick Henderson Grillo, 55, a stockbroker's clerk, lately residing at Amptill-square, Regent's Park. Charles Woolfe, a stockbroker, stated that the deceased, who was his nephew, was in his employ, and on the 27th of December they were together at the Stock Exchange. About one o'clock witness wished to leave the building, and gave deceased a slight push so as to get past him. Deceased fell with his leg entangled in a rail on a seat, and on witness raising him it was found that his leg was broken. He was at once conveyed to the hospital, where he remained till his death. By the Coroner: Deceased and he were on the best of terms. They were quite sober. When witness expressed his sorrow at the occurrence deceased said, "I know you could not help it, Charlie; it was quite an accident." Other evidence having been given showing that the affair was purely accidental, the house surgeon stated that death was due to Bright's disease, accelerated by the fracture of the leg, and the jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

## MURDER AND INCENDIARISM IN MARYLEBONE.

At the Marylebone Police Court, on Tuesday, Sarah Hannah Calender, 49, a needlewoman, living in Paul-street, Lisson Grove, was brought up by Inspector Dowty, charged before Mr. De Buteux with causing the death of Florence Ada Banton, aged 1 year, by cutting her throat with a knife, and with feloniously setting fire to the dwelling-house, 23, Little Marylebone-street, in which were sleeping Jane Banton, aged 10; Louisa Banton, aged 8; Annie Banton, aged 6; Rose Banton, aged 3; and Florence, aged 1 year. On being placed in the dock, the prisoner looked very downcast. Her head drooped, and it was evident from her eyes that she had been crying very much. She was allowed a seat during the hearing of the case. The first witness was Edward Arthur Banton, who said he lived at 23, Little Marylebone-street. The deceased child was his daughter. He and his wife lived in the house about half-past six o'clock on Monday night to go to a theatre, leaving the accused, who was his wife's aunt, to mind their five children. They returned about half-past twelve, and found the place in confusion, and his little girl and the prisoner were not there. He was so much upset that he really did not know what did take place. He identified his daughter at the mortuary that morning.

### A Little Girl's Statement.

Jane Banton, age 10, an intelligent little girl, deposed that her parents went out on the previous night, leaving her and her four sisters in the care of Mrs. Calender, whom they called their aunt. After her father and mother had gone Mrs. Calender asked her to get down the Bible, as she wanted a text she had heard a sermon on. Witness did as she was asked. Then her aunt sent her with some work, and when she returned with the money the accused told her and her sisters to go to bed, saying it was late, and they must make haste. She and her sisters went to sleep. Some time afterwards the landlady called for the rent, and that woke witness, and she heard her aunt attend to him. After he had gone witness went to sleep again, and subsequently she was awakened by smoke, which nearly suffocated her. She got up, and hearing the plates in a cupboard falling down she tried to open the cupboard door, and could not. When she touched it she found it was burning hot. She screamed to her sister Louisa, who was sleeping in the next apartment, to try to open the door of the room witness was in, but she could not, for the handle was missing. Witness then called to her sister to go for Mr. Morment, who resided in the front of the house. He came, and she told him to bash it in. He did so, and her sisters were got out of the room into the front of the house. She wanted to return and find the baby, but he said he would do that. A fire engine soon arrived, and the body of the baby was found by a policeman near the fireplace. Mr. Tate (the clerk): Where was your aunt when you woke up?—Witness: She had gone. I saw nothing of her after I went to sleep the second time.

### The Alarm of "Fire!"

William Connell, living at 23, Little Marylebone-street, said he was an engineer's assistant. After having been in bed a considerable time he was awakened by Mr. Morment shouting "Fire!" half a dozen times. Witness dressed quickly, and met Mr. Morment on a balcony which runs from the front house to a terrace in the rear, in which the Bantons lived. Witness asked if the children were out, and received an answer in the affirmative. He asked how many, and was told four. He inquired as to the baby, and Mr. Morment said he knew nothing about that. Witness then entered the Bantons' rooms, and searched amongst the bed-clothes, but could not find the baby. By that time a policeman arrived, and in his attempts to find the child he fell, in consequence of the denseness of the smoke. The firemen arrived, and played the hose on the room, and then the policeman made a second attempt to get into the room, and found the missing child. Witness asked the constable if the child was dead, and he replied that he did not know; so witness put both his hands on the baby's head and found them covered with blood. He came to the conclusion that the child was alive, as the body was warm.—Inspector Dowty, D Division, said in consequence of inquiries he made, he went to No. 12, Paul-street, and in a room on the first floor he found the prisoner in bed, dressed except her jacket, top of head and boots. He asked her what time she left Little Marylebone-street, and she answered, "I don't know." He told her she should take her into custody for causing the death of Florence Ada Banton and setting fire to the house, to which she made no reply. He examined her hands, and on the back of the left hand he saw a stain, and also marks under the finger nails, all of which had the appearance of being blood stains. Having cautioned her as to anything she might say, he took her to the police station, where she passed a long time. She said, "God help you! If you had done as I have done you would have been doing some good." At the station Dr. Mackenzie was called, and he was decidedly of opinion that the stain on the back of the hand was blood. Before leaving her home she handed witness a bundle of letters. He had only had time to peruse one of them, and that bore evidence of having been written by a person who was not sane.

### The Medical Evidence.

Dr. J. T. Mackenzie, of 47, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square, said the deceased child was brought to his house. There was a great deal of blood about the side of the head. Just above the right collar-bone he found a semi-circular incised wound, cutting right through all the tissues down to the artery and jugular vein, but did not reach the larynx or oesophagus. The wound was quite sufficient to cause death. At four o'clock (Tuesday) morning he saw the prisoner at the station, and examined her hands. He had no hesitation in saying that the marks were blood stains.—By the Mackenzie: The wound in the back of the hand was made by a knife, left to right. Police-constable Lee, 172 D, said he was called to the house and made two attempts to get into the room where the deceased child was. The first time he entered he fell, owing to the smoke, and became insensible. When he recovered, he found himself on the landing, and some people were attending to him. The bystanders still continued to say that some of the children were in the room, so he made a second effort, and after searching about for some time he found the child near the fireplace. He was nearly overcome again with the smoke, but managed to get out with the baby. He took it to the doctor, and, as it was dead, he removed the body to the mortuary. Subsequently he searched the Bantons' room, and close to where he found the child he discovered a knife (produced), on which were two clots of blood.—Addressing Inspector Dowty and Constable Lee, Mr. De Buteux said: You have behaved with great promptitude in this matter. It would be impossible for any man to have done more than you did under the circumstances. I shall remand the case.

### THE "CAT" FOR ASSAULTING A POLICEMAN.

Henry Lynch, a coal-doling fellow, was indicted at the Old Bailey for doing grievous bodily harm to Granville Cote, an officer of the metropolitan police force. On the night of the 21st ult. the prosecutor was met in the street by the prisoner and another person. The other person knocked him to the ground with a heavy instrument. The prisoner also kicked the prosecutor while he was down. It was said the doctor, only the fact of his having his helmet on that prevented him from being killed.—Previous convictions were given, and the Recorder, who said the prisoner was evidently a violent fellow, sentenced him to eighteen months' hard labour and to receive twenty-five lashes.

The subscriptions towards the St. Paul's memorial to Willie Collins now exceed 200 guineas.

## JACK ALLROUND.

"O. W." asks for "a recipe for cleaning Britannia metal so as to give it the bright appearance it has when new." Perhaps the very best polish for the purpose is made by finely powdered some rottenstone, then mixing with it enough soft soap till the two form a stiff paste; then to half a pound of the mixture work in two ounces of turpentine, and either roll the polish into balls, to be covered over with a light tin-foil, which you can purchase for a couple of pence per sheet, or you prefer to keep it in gallops; it gets quite hard, and you can keep it for any time. When you want to apply it to the Britannia metal, mix a little with water, and rub it all over the article to be brightened, and in a few minutes polish it off with a soft clean cloth, or, better still, a piece of wash leather. The above you must bear in mind, is a polish, and the metal must be cleaned before you use it, and this may be done either with whitening and water or with warm soda.

Writing from the East end of London, "J. B." says:—Please send me a recipe for making a good soup for 200 poor children, as I wish for a change now, after making peas and lentils, which they tire of. I am very glad to assist in this good object. My correspondent will be able to arrange the gross amount of beans necessary for each boiling to satisfy his multitude of hungry little ones, so I shall give the proportions for an excellent school soup on a much smaller scale. Put one quart of haricot beans to soak in cold water the night before you use them. They should soak for at least twelve hours. Throw that water away and put the haricots in three and a half quarts of cold water to boil, adding three or four onions and some carrots and turnips if you have them, all cut up small, and a small teaspoonful of celery seed, with whole pepper and salt to taste. Let all boil slowly until the beans are tender, which should be in about two and a half hours. When the beans are quite soft, pound them, and pass all through a wire sieve or colander. I have known the above soup enriched with a pound of dripping or butter and two ounces of soaked sage. Of course this is an improvement, but adds to the expense.

"Kindly tell me how to take brown spots out of some books which have been kept in a damp room. The books contain beautiful views of Scotland, which are greatly blighted by the spots, and I am very anxious to try and remove them," writes "Mater." "J. T." writes: "I have not some books I greatly prize. They are badly spotted with mildew. I will take any trouble you will give me a hint how to clean them. My correspondents, it is well to warn them, have not set themselves an easy task, and one should advise them to practice upon one or two old books before attempting any of those they prize. In the first place, you must cut the stitches and break up the book to be operated upon into sheets. Now prepare a cleansing liquor. Put half a pound of lime chloride into one pint of water, and stir it frequently, allowing it to stand for twenty-four hours; then strain it through muslin, and add one quart of water; it is then ready for use. Have a clean shallow dish or a large tin, and pour the sheets of the book, whether engravings or printed matter, into the liquid, and immerse the sheet of paper with great care. The mildew stains will probably disappear very quickly; some go at once, some take about half a minute, some longer. As soon as the stain disappears the sheet of paper must be tenderly lifted from the liquor and placed in a bath of cold water, running water if possible, for at least eight hours, for every trace of the lime must be washed out of the paper or it will rot. The morning of the wet softened paper is full of sheets, laid flat on a strained net work or on blotting-paper, must be allowed to dry, after which a very weak solution of size and water is prepared, and if deemed advisable to match the colour of the bleached sheets with the other sheets of the book, this is tinted to the necessary tone by steeping a little tobacco in hot water, and using that for diluting the size. The cleansed sheets or engravings when dry are dipped in the size bath, and dried between blotting-paper, under a press; a smooth board laid over them, with a couple of heavy books on that, answers well. Finally, each sheet should be ironed with a flat iron, a sheet of glazed paper laid over the engraving or leaf of the book to separate it from the smoking iron; this restores the gloss and finishes the process.

"Southend" is going to kill a pig of about sixteen stone weight, and he wishes to "dress it Wilshire fashion, as that, in his opinion, is much superior to other bacon." He wants to know what pickle is used, and also the length of time a side should lie in it to keep without rotting. The Wilshire system is, when you cut up your pig, take the sides, or flitches, and sprinkle them over with salt, and let the blood drain from them for twenty-four hours. Now thoroughly mix four pounds of common salt with a pound and a half of brown sugar, a pound and a half of bay salt, and six ounces of saltpetre; rub this mixture into the sides, and turn and rub them in every part each day for a month; hang them up to dry next, and then smoke them for ten days, and you will get Wilshire bacon. I hope, may prove useful also to "R. G.," as I am overcrowded to repeat the recipe, previously published which he asks for.

To clean a pair of white buckskin gloves, if they are very dirty, "W. R." must make a warm, not a hot, soap lather, and well wash the gloves in that two or three times until all dirt is well out of them. Put a little blue in the last washing, then wring the gloves out and pull them into form as well as you can; then hang them to dry in the air. Before they are quite dry put them on your hands—this will bring them into shape, keeping them from flattening out. If the operation is done well, your gloves will look like new. But it is a troublesome process, and only necessary when the gloves are very dirty. For ordinary soiled buckskin gloves an excellent paste is a quarter of a pound Paris white, or plaster of Paris, and a quarter of a pound of pipe-clay pounded together, three ounces isinglass dissolved in hot water, then mixed with the powders and all boiled together into a thick paste; stir well while boiling, rub the mixture thickly over the gloves, hang them to dry, and after that carefully iron the gloves with a hot smoothing iron.

"I wish to ask you a very great favour. A dinner is to be given to about one hundred poor persons, and my wife has promised to make the pudding for same; would you kindly assist her by saying what quantity of ingredients would be wanted for a nice pudding for that number?" In reply to "X. Y. Z.," I should have been glad had he indicated more clearly the sort of pudding required. However, I can only tell him the one I gave was declared by those who partook of it to be "splendid," "first-rate," "the best ever eaten," &c., &c. It was provided for the number he specifies, but a good many more than a hundred sat down, and there was plenty and some to spare, while the givers of the feast to the poor folks said it was very inexpensive. Four half quarten loaves, two days old at least, the crust cut off and steeped in boiling water, just enough water to soften it thoroughly, the crumbs rubbed finely into crumbs, all the outside or hard parts put with the crusts to steep and soften, four pounds beef suet chopped up fine and mixed with four pounds of flour, four pounds of boiled mashed potatoes, and four pounds of boiled mashed carrots (be careful not to allow any lumps in the vegetables), sixteen pounds of currants, or, if you wish, you can cut off four pounds of the currants, substituting four pounds of stoned raisins or sultanas, one pound and a half of candied peel chopped up, three pounds of brown sugar and two pounds of treacle, a handful of salt, and two ounces of ground ginger. The

success of the pudding will greatly depend on the ingredients being carefully and thoroughly mixed. If necessary, it may be moistened with a little milk and water. It should be divided into ten, twelve, or, if desired, separate puddings, each tied loosely to allow of swelling in well-floured cloths, and boiled for from six to eight hours.

"Cleopatra" asks for "the best thing for keeping a copper tea kettle bright." "Minnie" asks, "How can I clean my brass gipsy tea kettle; it has got into a very bad state from lying by." In a general way I should advise you to use soft soap and rottenstone in about equal quantities, made into a stiff paste with water and dissolved by means of hot water bath, rub on with a wollen rag, and polish off with a mixture of dry whitening and rottenstone, finish with soft wash leather. For measures are needed. Take six ounces rottenstone, one ounce oxalic acid, and half an ounce gum arabic; the ingredients must be finely powdered when mixed together; add one ounce sweet oil and enough water to make the whole into a paste; apply a small quantity to the kettle, and rub dry with wash leather or clean soft wollen rag. This is equally effective for cleansing copper.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

There are two very distinct varieties of Socialism—the one combative, aggressive, often illogical, and not seldom incoherent, represented by the Burns school; the other, calm, persuasive, philosophical, and reasonable, which has the guidance of the Fabian Society. For neither have we much liking, but the "Fabian Essays on Socialism," just published by the society, are very much more attractive than the distempered utterances of Messrs. Burns and Mann. We do not agree with the conclusions of the seven essays; they seem to us to have bathed their minds in moonshine. But they undoubtedly put the case for Socialism as cleverly as it can be put, and were human nature other than it is, their scheme of cosmopolitan regeneration would not be deficient in sweet reasonableness. Sir Gilbert Campbell makes a fresh appearance as a writer of juvenile literature with "Prince Goldenblade" (Ward, Lock, and Co.), a charming fairy tale, full of imagination and of humour. It has the further attraction of being especially and most humorously illustrated by Mr. André, while the mounting, such as befits a gift book. It is one of the best books of its class since "Alice in Wonderland" astonished the groundlings. We often receive inquiries for a cookery book suitable to people with moderate means. "English and French Cookery," by Percy Lindley, will be found about the right thing; the recipes it gives are, for the most part, easy of execution and inexpensive. "The Era Almanack" (Era Office) is, as usual, an excellent shilling's worth, whether for the domestic profession or for the public. Still more valuable as a work of reference, because addressed to a far larger community, is "The Civil Service Directory for 1890" (Allen and Co.). The compiler, Mr. J. Morris Dalton, deserves great credit for the accuracy and completeness which he has given to this important work. Much indebted are we to the enterprising lessee of the Gaiety for a beautiful and appropriate souvenir of "Ray Blas and the Blasé House." Enclosed in a handsome portfolio are coloured representations of all the principal artists engaged in the play. The likenesses are as admirable as the great and refinement with which these pictures are infused.

## MR. STANLEY'S HOMEWARD JOURNEY.

Mr. Stanley and party arrived at Suez on Monday and were received by the Khedive's aide-de-camp, the governor of Suez, the British and American consuls and officials, and nearly all the population with much enthusiasm. The next day the party proceeded to Cairo, where they arrived in the midst of pouring rain.

## A Story of Suffering.

Speaking at an entertainment given in his honour by the officers of the Turquoise, Mr. Stanley gave a vivid account of the sufferings endured by the expedition from famine. He said: "I have been thinking as I sat at table this evening of what was taking place at this very time a year ago. We were all in the woods, and about four miles from a river which I knew existed there, and I was doing my best to cheer our people on by telling them that it was there, that the sun told me so, and the fort was not far from it. I sent a party of 150 to search for it, and they would have been eagerly fought for. On the evening of the seventh day I parted with the last bit of food to Mr. Bonny, and said, 'This you will serve out with the utmost economy until I return, which will be in ten days at the most. If I am not here in that time, then you will know that your and my last man has come. The food must be given to the ten men only, as they are necessary to form the nucleus of the expedition. For those sixty-six men who are sick and dying I have nothing, and I can do nothing. You must look upon them as dead, for they are practically dead. I will push on, and if the foraging party are safe, I may return with food for the sick, and we may win victory yet.' When the morning of the eighth day came, I said, 'They cannot be far off; I'll find them and bring them in. Meanwhile, our fate is in the hands of God.' We set off in search of them, leaving Mr. Bonny in charge. On our way we passed the dead bodies of fifty-six of our men, bloated and distended in the sun. This was the first time I had been in the rear column, and I was eager to find out what had happened in the time I parted with the last bit of food to Mr. Bonny. The camp was in silent despair, and no one could suggest hope. But at early dawn we were startled by the sound of the foraging party advancing towards us, and they were bearing in their arms bunches of bananas and plantains. You should have heard the jubilation that went up, and we knew that those sixty-six doomed men were revived.

## PUBLICATIONS.

THE TUDOR EXHIBITION (Shorthes therefrom); also View of the Weighhouse Chapel, Mayfair; with numerous other illustrations, and Articles on the History of Art in Scotland, the Fourteenth Century, &c., &c. See BUILDER, January 18th, 1890, p. 46. An Annual Subscription, 18s. Office, 66, Catherine-street, London, W.C.

HOLLOWAY'S ALMANAC AND FAMILY FRIEND 1890 (Illustrated), is now ready. It contains 25 pages, giving a full and complete list of the names and addresses of all the principal firms and individuals in the Kingdom, and is a valuable work of reference to all chemists, or will be forwarded by the publishers, on receipt of this advertisement, together with full name and address, and stamp to cover postage.

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# THE FIRM OF GIRDLESTONE.

## A ROMANCE OF THE UNROMANTIC.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

AUTHOR OF "MICHAEL CLARKE," "A STUDY IN SCARLET," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXV.

This episode had occurred about a fortnight before Ezra's return from Africa, and was duly detailed to him by his father.

"You need not be discouraged by that," he said. "I can always keep them apart, and if he is absent and you are present—especially as she has no idea of the cause of his absence—she will end by feeling slighted and preferring you."

"I cannot understand how you ever came to let the matter go so far," his son answered sullenly. "What does the young puppy want to come poaching upon our preserves for? The girl belongs to us. She was given to you to look after, and a nice job you seem to have made of it!"

"Never mind, my boy," replied the merchant. "I'll answer for keeping them apart if you will only push the matter on your own account."

"I've said that I would do so, and I will," Ezra returned, and events soon showed that he was as good as his word.

Before his African excursion the relations between young Girdlestone and his father's ward had never been cordial. Kate's nature, however, was so sweet and forgiving that it was impossible for her to harbour any animosity, and she greeted Ezra kindly on his return from his travels.

Within a few days she became conscious that a remarkable change had come over him—a change, as it seemed to her, very much for the better. In the past weeks had frequently elapsed without his addressing her, but now he went out of his way to make himself agreeable. Sometimes he would sit for a whole evening describing to her all that he had seen in Africa, and really interesting her by his account of men and things. She, poor lass, hailed this new departure with delight, and did all in her power to encourage his better nature and to show that she appreciated the alteration in his bearing.

At the same time, she was rather puzzled in her mind, for an occasional flash of coarseness or ferocity showed her that the real nature of the man was unaltered, and that he was putting an unnatural restraint upon himself.

As the days went on and no word or sign came from Tom, a great fear and perplexity arose within the girl's mind. She had heard nothing of the interview at Fenchurch-street, nor had she any clue at all which could explain the mystery. Could it be that Tom had informed her guardian of their engagement, and had received such a rebuff that he had abandoned her in despair? That was surely impossible; yet why was it that he had ceased to walk through the square? She knew that he was not ill, because she heard her two companions talking of him in connection with business. What could be the matter then? Her little heart was torn by a thousand conflicting doubts and fears.

In the meantime Ezra gave fresh manifestations of the improvement which travel had wrought upon him. He had remarked one day that she was fond of moss roses. On coming down to breakfast next morning she found a beautiful moss rose upon her plate, and every morning afterwards a fresh flower appeared in the same place. This pretty little piece of courtesy, which she knew could only come from Ezra, surprised and pleased her, for delicacy was the last quality which she would have given him credit for.

On another occasion she had expressed a desire to read Thackeray's works, the books in the library being for the most part somewhat ancient. On entering her room that same evening she found, to her astonishment, a handsomely bound edition of the novels in question standing on the centre of her table. For a moment a wild, unreasoning hope awoke in her that perhaps this was Tom's doing—that he had taken this means of showing that she was still dear to him. She soon saw, however, that the books could only have come from the same source as the flowers, and she marvelled more than ever at this fresh proof of the good will of her companion.

One day her guardian took the girl aside. "Your life must be rather dull," he said. "I have taken a box for you to-night at the opera. I do not care about those spectacles myself, but I have made arrangements for your escort. A change will do you good."

Poor Kate was so sad at heart to be inclined for amusement that she endeavoured, however, to look pleased and grateful.

"My good friend, Mrs. Wilkinson, is coming for you," the merchant said, "and Ezra is going too. He has a great liking for music."

Kate could not help smiling at this last remark, as she thought how very successfully the young man had concealed his taste during the years that she had known him.

She was ready, however, at the appointed hour, and Mrs. Wilkinson, a prim old gentlewoman, who had chaperoned Kate on the rare occasions when she went out, having arrived, the three drove off together.

The opera happened to be "Faust," and the magnificent scenery and dresses astonished Kate, who had hardly before been within the walls of a theatre. She sat as if entranced, with a bright ring of colour upon her cheeks, which, with her sparkling eyes, made her look surpassingly beautiful. So thought Ezra Girdlestone as he sat in the recesses of the box and watched the varied expressions which flitted across her mobile features. "She is well worth having, money or no," he muttered to himself, and redoubled his attentions to her during the evening.

An incident occurred between the acts that night which would have pleased the old merchant had he witnessed it. Kate had been looking down from the box, which was upon the third tier, at the sea of heads beneath them. Suddenly she gave a start, and her face grew a trifle paler.

"Isn't that Mr. Dimsdale down there?" she asked of her companion.

"Where?" asked Ezra, craning his neck. "Oh, yes, there he is, in the second row of the stalls."

"Do you know who the young lady is that he is talking to?" Kate asked.

"I don't know," said Ezra. "I have seen him about with her a good deal lately." The latter was a deliberate falsehood, but Ezra saw his chance of prejudicing his rival, and took prompt advantage of it. "She is very good looking," he added presently, keeping his eyes upon his companion.

"Oh, indeed," said Kate, and turned with some commonplace remark to Mrs. Wilkinson. Her heart was sore nevertheless, and she derived little pleasure from the remainder of the performance. As to Ezra, in spite of his great love for music, he dozed peacefully in a corner of the box during the whole of the last act. None of them were sorry when Faust was duly consigned to the nether regions and Marguerite was apotheosized upon a couple of wooden clouds. Ezra narrated the incident of the recognition in the stalls to his father on his return, and the old gentleman rubbed his hands over it.

"Most fortunate!" he exclaimed gleefully. "By working on that idea we might produce great results. Who was the girl, do you know?"

"Some poor relation, I believe, whom he trots out at times."

"We will find out her name and all about her. Capital, capital!" cried John Girdlestone, and the two whistles departed to their rooms much pleased at this new card which chance had put into their hands.

During the weary weeks while Tom Dimsdale, in accordance with his promise, avoided Ecclestone-square and everything which could remind Kate of his existence, Ezra continued to leave no stone

turned in his endeavours to steal his way into her affections. Poor Tom's sole comfort was the recollection of that last passionate letter which he had written in the Blackwall public-house, and which had, as he imagined, enlightened her as to the reasons of his absence, and had prevented her from feeling any uneasiness or surprise. Had he known the fate that had befallen that epistle he would hardly have been able to continue his office duties so patiently or to wait with so much resignation for Mr. Girdlestone's sanction to his engagement.

As the days passed and still brought no news, Kate's face grew paler and her heart more weary and desponding. That the young man was well was beyond dispute, since she had seen him with her own eyes at the opera. What explanation could there be, then, for his conduct? Was it possible that he had told Mr. Girdlestone of their engagement, and that her guardian had found some means of dissuading him from continuing his suit—found some appeal to his interest, perhaps, which was too strong for his love. All that she knew of Tom's nature contradicted such a supposition. Again, if Girdlestone had learned anything of their engagement, surely he would have reproached her with it. His manner of late had been kinder rather than harsher. On the other hand, could it have chanced that Tom had met this lady of the opera, and that her charms had proved too much for his constancy? When she thought of the honest gray eyes which had looked down into hers at that meeting in the garden she found it hard to imagine the possibility of such things, and yet there was a fact which had to be explained. The more she thought of it the more incomprehensible it grew, but still the pale face grew paler and the sad heart more heavy.

Soon, however, her doubts and fears began to resolve themselves into something more substantial than vague conjectures. The conversation of the Girdlestons used to turn upon their business colleagues, and always in the same strain. There were stray remarks about his doing—here from the father and laughter from the son. "Not much work to be got out of him now," the old man would say. "When a man's in love he's not over fond of a ledger."

"A nice looking girl, too," said Ezra in answer to some such remark. "I thought something would come of it. We saw them together at the opera, didn't we, Kate?"

So they would gossip together, and every word a stab to the poor girl. She strove to conceal her feelings, and, indeed, her anger and her pride were stronger even than her grief, for she felt that she had been cruelly used. One day she found Girdlestone alone, and unobserved herself to him.

"Is it really true," she asked with a quick pant and a catch of her breath, "that Mr. Dimsdale is engaged to be married?"

"I believe so, my dear," her guardian answered. "It is commonly reported so. When a young lady and gentleman correspond it is usually a sign of something of the sort."

"Oh, they correspond?"

"Yes, they certainly correspond. Her letters are sent to him at the office. I don't know that I altogether like that arrangement. It looks as if he were deceiving his parents." All this was an unmitigated lie, but Girdlestone had gone too far now to stick at trifles.

"Who is the lady?" asked Kate, with a calm set face but a quivering lip.

"A cousin of his," Miss Osborn is her name, I believe. I am not sorry for it may be a sign that he has won all his wild oats. Do you know at one time, Kate, I feared that he might take a fancy to you. He has a specious way with him, and I felt my responsibility in the matter."

"You need not be afraid on that score," Kate said bitterly. "I think I can gauge Mr. Dimsdale's specious manner at its proper value." With this valiant speech she marched off, head in air, to her room, and there wept as though her very heart would break.

John Girdlestone told his son of this scene as they walked home from Fenchurch-street that same day. "We must look sharp over it," he said, "or that young fool may get impatient and upset our plans."

"It's not such an easy matter," said his son gloomily. "I get along so far, but no further. It's a more uphill job than I expected."

"Why you had a bad enough name among women," the merchant said, with something approaching to a sneer. "I have been grievously tired out of number by your looseness in that respect. I should have thought that you might have made your experience of some use now."

"There are women and women," his son remarked. "I like this takes as much managing as a skinned horse."

"Once get her into harness, and I warrant you'll keep her there quiet enough."

"You bet," said Ezra, with a loud laugh. "But at present she has the pull. Her mind is still running on that fellow."

"She spoke bitterly enough of him this morning."

"So she might, but she thinks of him none the less. If I could once make her thoroughly realise that he had thrown her over I might catch her on the hop. She'd marry for spite if she wouldn't for love."

"Just so; just so. Wait a bit. That can be managed, I think, if you will leave it to me." The old man brooded over the problem all day, for from week to week the necessity for the money was becoming more pressing, and that money could only be hoped for through the success of Ezra's wooing. No wonder that every little detail which might sway the balance one way or the other of the scales was anxiously considered by the head of the firm, and that even the fluctuations in the price of a pound of tea were noted with interest.

Next day, immediately after they had sat down to dinner, some letters were handed in by the footman. "Forwarded on from the office, sir," said the funkey. "The clerk says that Mr. Gilray was away and that he did not like to open them."

"Just like him!" said Girdlestone, peevishly, pushing back his plate of soup. "I hate doing business out of hours." He tore the envelopes off the various letters as he spoke. "What's this?" Casks returned as per invoice, that's all right! Note from Bunder and Saxe—that can be answered to-morrow. Memorandum on the Custom duties at Sierra Leone. Hullo! what have we here? "My darling Tom—who is this from? You never, Mary Osborn. Why it's one of your Dimsdale's love letters which has got mixed up with my business papers. Ha! ha! I must really apologise to him for having opened it, but he must take his chance of that, if he has his correspondence sent to the office. I take it for granted that everything there is a business communication."

Kate's face grew very white as she listened. She ate little dinner that day, poor child, and took the earliest opportunity of retiring to her room.

"You did that uncommonly well, dad," said Ezra approvingly, after she was gone. "It hit her hard. I touched her pride. People should not be too proud. We are warned against it. Now that same pride of hers will forbid her ever thinking of that young man again."

"And you had the letter written?"

"I wrote it myself. I think, in such a case, any stratagem is justifiable. Such large interests are at stake that we must adopt strong measures. I quite agree with the old Churchmen that the end occasionally justifies the means."

"Capital, dad; very good!" cried Ezra, chewing his toothpick. "I like to hear you argue. It's quite refreshing."

"I act according to the lights which are vouchsafed to me," said John Girdlestone, gravely, "and which Ezra leaned back in his chair and laughed heartily."

The very next morning the merchant spoke to Dimsdale on the matter, for he had observed signs of impatience in the young man, and feared that some sudden impulse might lead him to break his promise and so upset everything.

"Take a seat. I should like to have a word with you," he said graciously when his junior

partner appeared before him to consult with him as to the duties of the day.

Tom sat down with hope in his heart. "It is only fair to you, Mr. Dimsdale," Girdlestone said in a kindly voice, "that I should express to you my appreciation of your honourable conduct. You have kept your promise in regard to Miss Harston in the fullest manner."

"Of course I kept my promise," said Tom bluntly. "I trust, however, that you will soon see your way to withdrawing your prohibition. It has been a hard trial to me."

"I have insisted upon it because it seemed to me to be my duty. Every one takes his own view upon such points, and it has always been my custom throughout life to take what some might think a stringent one. It appears to me that I owe it to my deceased friend to prevent his daughter, whom he has confided to me, from making any mistake. As I said before, if you continue to show that you are worthy of her, I may think more favourably of it. Exemplary as your conduct has been since you joined us, I believe that I am not wrong in stating that you were a little wild when you were at Edinburgh."

"I never did anything that I am ashamed of," said Tom.

"Very likely not," Girdlestone answered with an irresponsible sneer. "The question is, did you do anything that your father was ashamed of?"

"Certainly not," cried Tom hotly. "I was no milk-op or palm singer, but there is nothing that I ever did of which I should be ashamed of as my father knowing."

"Don't speak lightly of palm singing. It is a good practice in its way, and you would have been none the worse had you indulged in it perhaps. However, that is neither here nor there. What I want you clearly to understand is that my ultimate consent to your union depends entirely upon your own conduct. Above all, I insist that you refrain from unsettling the girl's mind at present."

"I have already promised. Hard as the struggle may be, I shall not break my word. I have the consolation of knowing that if we were separated for twenty years we would still be true to one another."

"That's very satisfactory," said the merchant grimly.

"Nevertheless it is a weary, weary time. If I could only write a line—"

"Not a word," Girdlestone interrupted. "It is only because I trust you that I keep her in London at all. If I thought there was a possibility of your doing such a thing I should remove her at once."

"I shall do nothing without your permission," Tom said, taking up his hat to go. He raised with his hand upon the door. "If ever it seems good to me," he said, "I consider that by giving you due notice I absolve myself from my promise."

"You would not do anything so foolish."

"Still, I reserve myself the right of doing so," said Tom, and went off with a heavy heart to his day's work.

"Everything is clear for you now," the old man said to his son triumphantly. "There's no chance of interference, and the girl is in the very humour to be won. I flatter myself that it has been managed with tact. Remember that all is at stake, and go in and win."

"I shall go in," said Ezra, "and I think the chances are that she shall win too." At which remarking speech the old man laughed, and clapped his son approvingly upon the shoulder.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

IN spite of John Girdlestone's temporary satisfaction, and the stoical face which he presented to the world, it is probable that in the whole of London there was no more unhappy and heart-weary man. The long fight against impending misfortune had shattered his iron constitution and weakened him both in body and in mind. It was remarked upon 'Change how much he had aged of late, and moralists commented upon the vanity and inefficiency of the wealth which could not smooth the wrinkles from the great trader's haggard visage. He was surprised himself when he looked in the glass at the change which had come over him. "Never mind," he would say in his dogged heart a hundred times a day, "they can't beat me. Do what they will, they can't beat me." This was the one thought which sustained and consoled him. The preservation of his commercial credit had become the aim and object of his life, to which there was nothing that he was not prepared to sacrifice.

His cunningly-devised speculation in diamonds had failed, but this failure had been due to an accident which could neither have been foreseen nor remedied. To carry out this scheme he had, as we have seen, been obliged to borrow money, which had now to be repaid. This he had managed to do, more or less completely, by the sale of the stones which Ezra had brought home, supplemented by the recent profits of the firm. There was still the original deficit to be faced, and John Girdlestone knew that though a settlement might be postponed from month to month, still the day must come, and come soon, when his debts must be met, or his inability to meet them become apparent to the whole world. Should Ezra be successful in his wooing and his ward's forty thousand pounds be thrown into the scale, the firm would shake itself clear from the load which oppressed it. Supposing, however, that Kate were to refuse his son, what was to occur then? The bill was so worded that there appeared to be no other way of obtaining the money. A very palpable look would come over the old man's face as he brooded over that problem.

The strangest of all the phenomena, however, presented by John Girdlestone at this period of his life was his own entire conviction of the righteousness of his actions. When every night and morning he sank upon his knees with his household and prayed for the success of the firm's undertakings, no qualms of conscience ever troubled him as to their intrinsic morality. On Sundays the gray head of the merchant in the first pew was as constant an object as was the pew itself, yet in that head no thought ever rose of the inconsistency of his religion and of his practice. For fifty years he had been persuading himself that he was a righteous man, and the devotion was now so firmly impressed upon his very soul that nothing could ever shake it. Ezra was wrong when he set this down as deliberate hypocrisy. Blind strength of will and self-conceit were at the bottom of his actions, but he would have been astonished and indignant had he been accused of simulating piety or of using it as a tool. To him the firm of Girdlestone was the very representation of religion in the commercial world, and as such must be upheld by every conceivable means.

To his son this state of mind was unintelligible, and he simply gave his father credit for being a consummate and accomplished hypocrite, who found a mantle of conceal his real character. He had himself inherited the old man's dogged pertinacity and commercial instincts, and was by nature unscrupulous and impatient of any obstacle placed in his way. He was now keenly alive to the fact that the existence of the firm depended upon the success of his suit, and he knew also how lucrative a concern the African business would prove to be if set upon its legs again. He had determined in case he succeeded to put his father aside as a sleeping partner and to take the reins of management entirely into his own hands. His practical mind had already devised countless ways in which the profits might be increased. The first step of all that was the gaining possession of the forty thousand pounds, and to that he devoted himself heart and soul. When two such men work together for one end, it is seldom that they fail to achieve it.

It would be a mistake to suppose that Ezra felt himself in any degree in love at this time. He recognised his companion's sweetness and gentleness, but these were not qualities which appealed to his admiration. Kate's amiable quiet ways seemed insipid to a man who was used to female society of a very different order.

"She has a way of snap about her," he would complain to his father. "She's not like Polly Lucas at the Pavilion, or Minnie Walker."

"God forbid!" ejaculated the merchant. "That sort of thing is bad enough out of doors, but worst of all in your own house."

"It makes courting a good deal easier," Ezra answered. "If a girl will answer up and give you an opening now and then, it makes all the difference."

"You can't write poetry, can you?"

"Not much," Ezra said with a grin.

"That's a pity. I believe it goes a long way with women. You might get some one to write some, and let her think it is yours. Or you could learn a little off and repeat it."

"Yes, I might do that. I'm going to buy a collar for that beast of a dog of hers. All the time that I was talking to her yesterday she was so taken up with it that I don't believe she heard half that I said. My fingers itched to catch it up and chuck it through the window."

"Don't forget yourself, my boy, don't forget yourself!" cried the merchant. "A single false step might ruin everything."

"Never fear," Ezra said confidently, and went off with a heavy heart. While he was in the shop he bought a dog whip as well, which he locked up in his drawers to use as the occasion served.

During all this time Kate had been entirely unconscious of her companion's intentions and designs. She had been associated with Ezra for so many years, and had met such undeviating want of courtesy from him, that the idea of his presenting himself as a suitor never came into her head. She hailed his change of demeanour, therefore, as being the result of his larger experience of the world, and often wondered how it was that he had profited so much by his short stay at the Cape. In the cheerless house it was pleasant to have at least one companion who seemed to have kindly feelings towards her. She was only too glad, therefore, to encourage his advances and to thank him with sweet smiles and eloquent eyes for what appeared to her to be his disinterested kindness.

After a while, however, Ezra's attentions became so marked that it was impossible for her to misunderstand them any longer. Not only did he neglect his usual work in order to hang round her from morning to night, but he paid her many clumsy compliments and gave other similar indications of the state of his affections. As soon as this astounding fact had been fairly realised by the girl, she at once changed her manner and became formal and distant. Ezra, nothing daunted, redoubled his tender words and glances, and once would have kissed her hand had she not rapidly withdrawn it. On this Kate shut herself up in her room, and rarely came out save when the other was away in the City. She was determined that there should be no possibility of any misunderstanding as to her feelings in the matter.

John Girdlestone had been watching these little skirmishes closely and with keen interest. When Kate took to immuring herself in her room he felt that it was time for him to interfere.

"You must go about a little more, and have more fresh air," he said to her one day, when they were alone after breakfast. "You will lose your roses if you don't."

"I am sure I don't care whether I lose them or not," answered his ward, listlessly.

"You may not, but there are others who do," remarked the merchant. "I believe it would break Ezra's heart."

Kate flushed up at this sudden turn of the conversation. "I don't see what reason your son has to care about it," she said.

"Care about it! Are you so blind that you don't see that he loves the very ground you walk on. He has grown quite pale and ill these last few days because he has not seen you, and he imagines that he may have offended you."

"For goodness sake!" cried Kate earnestly, "persuade him to think of some one else. It will only be painful both to him and to me if he keeps on this way. It cannot possibly lead to anything."

"And why not? Why should—"

"Oh, don't let us argue about it," she cried passionately. "The very idea is horrible. It won't bear talking about."

"But why, my dear, why? You are really too impulsive. Ezra has his faults, but what man has not? He has been a little wild in his youth, but he is settling down now into an excellent man of business. I assure you that, young as he is, there are few names more respected on 'Change. The way in which he managed the business of the firm in Africa was wonderful. He is already a rich man, and will be richer before he dies. I cannot see any cause for this deep-rooted objection of yours. As to looks, he is, you must confess, as fine a young fellow as there is in London."

"I wish you not to speak of it, or think of it again," said Kate. "My mind is entirely made up when I say that I shall never marry any one—him least of all."

"You will think better of it, I am sure," her guardian said, putting her chestnut hair kindly as he stood over her. "Since your poor father handed you over to me I have guarded you and cared for you to the best of my ability. Many a sleepless night I have spent thinking of your future, and endeavouring to plan it out so as to secure your happiness. I should not be likely to give you bad advice now, or urge you to take a step which would make you unhappy. Have you anything to complain of in my treatment of you?"

"You have been always very just," Kate said with a sob.

"And this is how you repay me! You are going to break my heart, and through my mine. It is my boy, and if anything went wrong with him I tell you that it would bring my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. You have it in your power to do this, or, on the other hand, you may make my old age a happy one by the knowledge that the lad is mated with a good woman, and has attained the object on which his whole mind and heart are set."

"Oh, I can't, I can't. Do let the matter drop."

"Think it over," the old man said. "Look at it from every point of view. Remember that the love of an honest man is not to be lightly spurned. I am naturally anxious about it, for my future happiness, as well as his, depends upon your decision."

John Girdlestone was fairly satisfied with this interview. It seemed to him that his ward was rather less decided in her refusal at the end of it, and that his words had had some effect upon her, which might possibly increase with reflection. "Give her a little time now," was his advice to his son. "I think she will come round, but she needs managing."

"If I could get the money without taking her it would be better for me," Ezra said with an oath.

"And better for her too," remarked John Girdlestone grimly.

## (To be continued.)

complain to his father. "She's not like Polly Lucas at the Pavilion, or Minnie Walker."

"God forbid!" ejaculated the merchant. "That sort of thing is bad enough out of doors, but worst of all in your own house."

"It makes courting a good deal easier," Ezra answered. "If a girl will answer up and give you an opening now and then, it makes all the difference."

"You can't write poetry, can you?"

"Not much," Ezra said with a grin.

"That's a pity. I believe it goes a long way with women. You might get some one to write some, and let her think it is yours. Or you could learn a little off and repeat it."

"Yes, I might do that. I'm going to buy a collar for that beast of a dog of hers. All the time that I was talking to her yesterday she was so taken up with it that I don't believe she heard half that I said. My fingers itched to catch it up and chuck it through the window."

"Don't forget yourself, my boy, don't forget yourself!" cried the merchant. "A single false step might ruin everything."

"Never fear," Ezra said confidently, and went off with a heavy heart. While he was in the shop he bought a dog whip as well, which he locked up in his drawers to use as the occasion served.

During all this time Kate had been entirely unconscious of her companion's intentions and designs. She had been associated with Ezra for so many years, and had met such undeviating want of courtesy from him, that the idea of his presenting himself as a suitor never came into her head. She hailed his change of demeanour, therefore, as being the result of his larger experience of the world, and often wondered how it was that he had profited so much by his short stay at the Cape. In the cheerless house it was pleasant to have at least one companion who seemed to have kindly feelings towards her. She was only too glad, therefore, to encourage his advances and to thank him with sweet smiles and eloquent eyes for what appeared to her to be his disinterested kindness.

After a while, however, Ezra's attentions became so marked that it was impossible for her to misunderstand them any longer. Not only did he neglect his usual work in order to hang round her from morning to night, but he paid her many clumsy compliments and gave other similar indications of the state of his affections. As soon as this astounding fact had been fairly realised by the girl, she at once changed her manner and became formal and distant. Ezra, nothing daunted, redoubled his tender words and glances, and once would have kissed her hand had she not rapidly withdrawn it. On this Kate shut herself up in her room, and rarely came out save when the other was away in the City. She was determined that there should be no possibility of any misunderstanding as to her feelings in the matter.

John Girdlestone had been watching these little skirmishes closely and with keen interest. When Kate took to immuring herself in her room he felt that it was time for him to interfere.

"You must go about a little more, and have more fresh air," he said to her one day, when they were alone after breakfast. "You will lose your roses if you don't."

"I am sure I don't care whether I lose them or not," answered his ward, listlessly.

"You may not, but there are others who do," remarked the merchant. "I believe it would break Ezra's heart."

Kate flushed up at this sudden turn of the conversation. "I don't see what reason your son has to care about it," she said.

"Care about it! Are you so blind that you don't see that he loves the very ground you walk on. He has grown quite pale and ill these last few days because he has not seen you, and he imagines that he may have offended you."

"For goodness sake!" cried Kate earnestly, "persuade him to think of some one else. It will only be painful both to him and to me if he keeps on this way. It cannot possibly lead to anything."

"And why not? Why should



## OUR OMNIBUS.

## THE M.P.

From a political standpoint, Lord Hartington's illness had one redeeming feature. Abundant proof was afforded of the high esteem in which the Liberal Unionist chief is held by all orders and conditions of men. The English people set a high value on "straightness" in their public men, and Lord Hartington has been straight as a die throughout his career. It is simply impossible to conceive of him putting his hand to anything savouring of "crookedness." That is, perhaps, the reason why he has little liking for the arts of the wire-puller. They are necessary, no doubt, but Lord Hartington prefers that other fingers than his should work the machinery of party politics.

The manner in which the Separatists are protesting Mr. Parnell's innocence in the O'Shea case is positively indecent. Stupid, too, it seems to indicate a fear upon their part that judgment may go against him. Equal nonsense is it to pretend that he could not have so far forgotten his duty to Ireland as to succumb to feminine fascination. Heroic Nelson was dominated by the highest sense of patriotic duty, and yet history records that he fell a victim to the charms of Lady Hamilton. Surely, it cannot be pretended that what was possible in Nelson's case is impossible in Mr. Parnell's.

The Socialists are, I see, coming round to the view that the compulsory introduction of the eight hours' labour system in England would have to be supplemented by a protective tariff against countries where longer hours were worked. Quite so; but though that might save the home market from foreign invasion, it would still leave our external markets open to attack. And where should we be as a commercial and manufacturing nation if they were taken from us?

Sir Charles Russell is, no doubt, a very clever advocate and a smart politician; but he carries this cleverness and smartness considerably too far when he goes on the stump to make ignorant people believe that there was nothing beyond the authenticity of the Pigot letters for the Special Commission to investigate. It should be a standing rule at the bar, I think, that counsel engaged in a case should scrupulously refrain from commenting upon it until after judgment has been pronounced. Until now, there has always been a tacit understanding among barristers to that effect, but Sir Charles Russell seems to care nothing for the traditions of his profession.

Urgent entreaties have been addressed to Mr. Gladstone, I hear, to induce him to sketch even the faintest outlines of his new Home Rule scheme. The Radicals who put forward this request are prepared to accept it in bloc, whatever may be its nature, so long as it satisfies the Farnellites. But they feel and say that it is impossible to go on fighting, session after session, for "a pig in a poke." Their demand is, therefore, either that Home Rule shall be thrust bodily into the background to make room for a Radical-Socialist programme, or that its general design and scope shall be revealed from Harwarden.

In some metropolitan constituencies there is a lamentable backwardness among Unionists in supplying the sinews of war. They will meet, orate, pass resolutions, and blow the trumpet loudly enough, but the moment it comes to subscribing towards organising expenses, their enthusiasm dries up. This ought not to be; surely, if our principles are worth fighting for they must be important enough to require the sacrifice of a small expenditure. The Separatists think so, at all events; their rank and file subscribe much more liberally, as a rule, than the Unionists.

Clubs for Conservative workmen are springing up in all directions, and undoubtedly do much good in serving as centres of propaganda. But to make them thoroughly effective is a supremely necessary to allow all possible freedom to the members. I have heard of some where the managers appear to be actuated by an ambition to reach the Pall Mall level of orderliness and decorum. That is a profound mistake; my notion is that a workman's club should be of such a nature as to admit of the members divesting themselves of their coats if so inclined. Free and easy should be the governing principle, always within such limits as experience showed to be necessary.

It is seldom that more than two months pass without a by-election, yet that is the case at present. The only vacancy existing is in West Waterford, which has been kept open more than a year, in order, as is believed, to provide a place for Sir John Pope Hennessy as soon as he is at liberty to retire on his pension, when Mr. Parnell proposes, it is said, to add him to the list of patriots who follow the member for Cork. I question whether Mr. Parnell will have a good reason. Sir John Hennessy was one of a band of Irishmen who held their principles lightly, and were as often to be found voting with Mr. Disraeli as against him. The late Lord Derby was said to have a very high opinion of Mr. Hennessy, and it was from him that he accepted his first colonial appointment. It is hardly likely that a man with such antecedents will easily obey the crack of the Farnellite whip.

It is thought probable that Mr. W. L. Bright, the Gladstonian member for Stock-on-Trent, will shortly retire from Parliament on the ground of ill-health. Should this be so, there ought to be a chance of capturing the seat for the Unionist party. Two or three names are mentioned as possible candidates, among them being that of Mr. W. S. Allen, who sat for "the Potteries" before that constituency was divided, and afterwards for Newcastle-under-Lyme, which formed part of it. Mr. Allen is a Liberal Unionist, with pronounced views on the temperance question, and a popular "all-round" man, though not in the sense in which the unfortunate Sir Robert Peel exemplified the term.

Board of Trade returns are not lively reading, but those most recently published are striking and even startling. They show that the volume of our trade—that is, the value of the exports and imports combined—reached in 1889 the stupendous total of £742,000,000, the highest ever attained in the history of the country. Equally remarkable, too, is the progressive increase since 1886. Mr. Gladstone's last year of office, in that year the value of the trade of the country was £618,000,000, in 1887 it rose to £642,000,000, in 1888 it went up again to £685,000,000, and now it stands at £742,000,000. A rise of £124,000,000 in three years, or, roughly speaking, 20 per cent., is no small achievement, and public opinion will not be slow to draw the moral that good government means good trade. Lord Salisbury, at Nottingham, closed the Conservative campaign as one of confidence, on which commercial supremacy is based, and these figures are one proof of the truth of his words.

## OLD IZAAK.

I have to tender my sincere thanks to a kind friend who undertook, at short notice, to write my notes last week, which I was unable to do myself, being confined to bed for ten days by a severe attack of the prevailing fashionable epidemic. As far as I can make out, there is not much to fear in the Russian influenza pure and simple, the patient only requiring to keep warm, feeding on beef-tea, good gruel, egg beaten up in milk, and other light nourishing food. But the peculiarity of this invasion is the partiality it seems to evince towards attacking the lungs, which, in my case, as in many others, was the part most severely affected; when this takes place, the greatest care is required; and, as my

readers are doubtless aware, the patient is compelled to remain within doors for several days.

Anglers' desires of getting good fish fishing cannot do better at the present time than try some of the famous Irish lakes, such as the Reay, Glen, and Crow, all of which are big pieces of water—the largest, Loch Arrow, being fifteen miles long—enormously deep, and containing large numbers of big fish. The best centre to take up one's residence with a view to fish these waters is the town of Boyle, situated on the short river from which it takes its name. This same river runs from Loch Gara into Loch Reay, which is one of the finest fishing grounds for lake fish in Ireland. Mr. Taylor, watchmaker, Boyle, who takes a great interest in these fisheries, is always most willing to assist brother anglers to get men, boats, and a fair chance of sport.

To ensure having good live bait, I would advise my fishing friends to take with them a supply of Thames dace. This, at first, will appear to many a difficult undertaking, but I can assure my readers that some friends of mine have more than two or three times taken cans full of dace over their lines, losing a very small number in transit. They have an extra large bait-boat, and procure a change of water at each stopping place. A word now as to tackle. We expect to get hold of some monsters, therefore it is necessary our rod, reel, and especially running line should be of the strongest, as the wear and tear incident to the capture of large fish tries the quality and strength of our outfit to the utmost. The rod I use for this sort of work is made of East India cane, 11 feet 6 inches long, with large upright rings, as it will be found a sliding foot, and the large rings on the rod allow the stop placed on the running line to pass freely.

The best reels for this fishing are those made by Slater, of Newark-on-Trent, with his patent line-guard and movable check. It should be a large and strong one, capable of holding at least 300 yards of fine, strong, plated silk-dressed line; the barrel of the reel should be large, so as to wind up the line quickly. The best hooks for live bait fishing are the large, strong, and sharp ones. These hooks are so arranged that the fish may be struck at once on taking the bait. In conclusion, to these remarks on fish fishing in Irish waters, I hope to hear from some of my numerous readers who may take it on that they have beaten record by capturing one of the giants.

The waters of the Thames, Lea, Colne, and all other angling resorts near London should be in good order by the time this is in the hands of my readers. Jack, chub, and roach fishing will, I have no doubt, give the best chance of sport. These terrible poachers, the others, are again reported as making havoc amongst the spawning trout, several of which have been found at Shepperton and Pinner. Hook which had unmistakably been killed by these animals. A large Thames trout, which weighed nearly 10 lb., and in condition would have turned the scale at 11 lb., was picked up in the back water near Brentford by one of the employees of the Thames Conservancy. The fish was in bad condition, evidently having spawned and not stranded in shallow water.

A fisherman at Kingston, while paternostering for jack, caught a nice trout between 5 lb. and 7 lb.; the hook was carefully removed and the fish returned to the river. At Addington, one of the fishermen, in two days, twenty-seven brown and a gentleman in a private boat, a broom of 5 lb. and a roach of 1 lb. James Hedger, of Hampton, has been getting his patrons some sport with the chub, his best fish weighing 5 lb. Baking for dace is the principal sport in the tidalway at Twickenham and Richmond, takes of seven or eight dozen being had to a single rod.

## PIPER PAN.

Another great opera singer, Giorgio Ronconi, has been taken from us, dying at Madrid only a week after the death of Senor Gayard. Ronconi was for some years preceding his death a professor of singing at the Madrid Conservatoire of Music, and was much respected. He was born at Milan, August 8th, 1810, and was taught singing by his father, Domenico Ronconi, a famous operatic tenor in his day. His son, Giorgio, became still more famous, winning grand successes in tragic and in comic opera, despite the weakness of his voice, and not only becoming popular in Italy, France, and America, but holding the position of premier barytone at our Royal Italian Opera for seventeen years.

There was never a more striking instance of the great successes won under great disadvantages than that of Ronconi's career. I have heard him in all his best roles, and in some—Rigoletto, for instance—he has drawn tears from my eyes; while in others, such as Masetto and Crispino ("Crispino e la Comare") he has kept me constantly laughing. Short in stature, insignificant in appearance, with a voice of very limited compass, and a defective intonation, he had everything against him, but he was one of those actors who are "born, not made," and could not only hold an audience spellbound by his dramatic power in tragic characters, but was so irresistibly comic in such parts as Leporello, &c., that his vocal shortcomings were overlooked.

The last character in which I saw Ronconi was that of the quack doctor, Dulcamara, in "L'Elisir d'Amore," over twenty years back. He made me laugh very often; but I confess that I did not much enjoy the performance, for his voice had become very weak, and he was indisposed to hear him spoil the duets with Patti and Mario.

Lablache was the best of all Dulcamaras. He used to wear a scarlet under garment and a white wig, and "make up" exactly in the style of the peripatetic quacks who are still to be met with in some parts of the continent. His grand voice told splendidly in the concerted music, and he so bewitched me in my boyish days that I used to wait for him inside the stage door to wish him "Good Night." His courteous "Buona notte!" seemed to make the wooden floor vibrate, and sent me away happy.

I dare say few of my readers have heard of a freak that once was indulged in by Lablache at a rehearsal of "Lucetta Borgia." When he came to the final strophe of Duke Alfonso's first solo, "Vieni, mia vendetta," he sang it a semi-tone sharp. The conductor tapped his desk and started the band again. Lablache, giving a wink to Costa, started off again a semi-tone above the band, and kept to this pitch until the last note of the solo. The effect was, of course, hideous, but at the same time so ludicrous that the great basso was forced to repeat his difficult feat. For years afterwards he used to repeat it whenever "Lucetta Borgia" was put in rehearsal.

The influenza has attacked two of our popular young vocalists. Miss Lehmann, a great favourite at Mr. Arthur Chappell's "Popular" Concerts, was unable to sing for him at St. James's Hall on Saturday last; and Miss Decima Moore is slowly recovering from an attack of influenza which has temporarily stopped her bright career at the Barge as Queen of Spain in M.M. Sullivan and Gilbert's opera, "The Gondoliers." I understand that she will return to her post next week.

The Monday Popular Concert given at St. James's Hall this week was specially excellent, the programme including Beethoven's octet, for violins (Lady Hallé and M. Rice), viola (M. Strauss), clarinet (Mr. Lassaras), French horn (M. Paerue), bassoon (Mr. Watson), violoncello (Signor Pini), and double bass (Mr. Reynolds). A Mendelssohn sonata, Op. 45 (Miss Gieseler-Schubert), piano, and Signor Pini's Chopin's G minor "Ballade" (Miss Gieseler-Schubert) and vocal selections by

Mr. Plunkett Greene. The octet was splendidly played, and the concert was altogether enjoyable.

The shilling seats were crowded, and their occupants set good examples to the aristocrats in the stalls. The former remained in their seats until the last note of the final selection had been played; the latter—or, rather, an ill-behaved tenth of them—disturbed the audience by crowding to the doors while the Chopin selection was being played. I wish Mr. Arthur Chappell would announce that at all his future concerts the doors should be kept locked during the performance of the final selection.

I am glad to learn that Miss Dotti, of whose success in "The Messiah" at a recent concert of the Royal Choral Society I have made mention, is engaged to sing the principal soprano part in Gounod's "Redemption," at the performance of that work, February 19th, by the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall. She is beginning to reap the reward of assiduous study.

Miss Edie de Luman, in "Carmen" and other operas, has become the brightest star of the Carl Rosa opera season at Liverpool. After her successful debut at the Royal Italian Opera last year, it is surprising that Augustus Drury-Lane should have neglected to secure her future services. It is too late now, for I am able to say that she is "booked" up to the middle of March, 1891.

Her list of engagements was shown to me last Wednesday by her artistic manager, Colonel J. H. Mapleson, with whom I spent a pleasant half-hour at his "Mozart Chambers," Northumberland Avenue, where he carries on a flourishing musical agency.

I found the gallant colonel as lively and buoyant as ever. He resigned his commission last year in order to devote all his time to musical matters, much to the regret of his regiment, the Tower Hamlets Volunteers, by whom he was idolized. The story goes that he once got into difficulties, at a mock battle, by losing his face so persistently to the foe's tactics in his rear. One of his aides-de-camp rushed up to him. "Colonel! we are surrounded. Here comes the enemy up the hill behind us!" and the colonel replied, "Go and tell them to go away!" But the enemy would not "go away," and the warriors of the Tower Hamlets were taken prisoners.

## BUCKLAND, JUNIOR.

A citizen of Manchester forwards to a local paper a detailed account showing the results of poultry farming on a small scale in towns. He attended to the birds himself, and no charge is therefore made for labour. Excluding that item, his profit on 4,188 eggs sold during 1889 amounted to 48 10s. 6d. It must be added that the food bill was kept down by the careful collection of all household scraps for the poultry to eat. Seven fowls were lost by death, and eleven pullets were purchased, involving an outlay altogether of 23 7s. But against this debit item has to be set the sale of twelve fowls and the addition of a dozen pullets hatched on the premises. The daily food was a breakfast of scraps boiled with Indian meal and barley, and similar rations for dinner and supper. The only run being ainder lane at the back of the premises, grass and other green food had to be provided occasionally by the owner to keep the birds in health. But, with all this personal care and attention to the little farm, the profit only averaged about 3s. 4d. a week, a poor return for the labour and risk. The owner considers Minorcas, Black Hamburgs, and Plymouth Rocks the most suitable, the last-named being especially valuable for the table.

When hard pressed by hunger, the Bengal tiger does not stand on ceremony before helping himself to a human tit-bit or two. On the 17th of December, a tiger lately had the audacity to enter the Residency at Jeyore, where it killed one woman, and severely mauled another before a bullet put an end to its bloodthirsty career. Years ago, when I was voyaging through the Sunderbuds—the islands formed by the delta of the Ganges—a huge tiger swam off from shore and made head for our boat. He thought better of it, however, when we opened fire, and soon retreated to the congenial jungle.

In spite of my repeated disclaimers of medical knowledge, not a week passes without my receiving requests for advice about the treatment of sick pets. It is simply inexplicable how the owners conceive the possibility of my being able to form a correct diagnosis from a brief description of the leading symptoms. And, even if I could, difficult diseases would lie outside my purview. I am not an animal doctor, but a naturalist, and to consult me in the former capacity about the best way to ask an astronomer the best way of cooking tripe.

The other day I paid a visit to a place which I have often meant to go to before, without, however, doing so—I mean the emporium of Mr. Jamrach, the greatest animal dealer in London, in St. George's-street, near the London Docks. Mr. Jamrach explained to me that at the time of my visit there was a comparatively very small collection of beasts in stock, owing to the great number that have been lately sold. But there was enough live stock there to convince one of the magnitude of the firm's dealings. The first specimens I saw were a pair of very rare and valuable little Japanese spaniels, or Chim dogs, somewhat resembling the modern Blenheim, and supposed to be the original ancestor of that breed and the King Charles's. The pure bred dogs are only kept by the aristocracy of Japan, and Mr. Jamrach wants £50 for his pair.

My attention was next attracted by two beautiful blue macaws, belonging to different species, one being the glaucous and the other Lear's macaw, which come from Brazil, and fetch a very high price in the London market. In a square cage were a pair of lovely little flying opossums, animals which use their parachute-like arrangement of skin to break their fall when leaping down from branch to branch of a tree. There was also a number that have been lately imported from Australia, and a pair of rare blue-headed doves from Manila. These pretty little birds receive their title from the red stain-like mark on their breasts. The Australian continentals furnished several of the elegant little tranquil doves, amongst the smallest species of their order. A green glossy starling formed a most lovely object, while some rare New Zealand red and green parakeets and several commoner species of macaws were nearly as numerous. In fact, the birds and beasts at Mr. Jamrach's were so numerous and interesting that I have not room to do justice to them this week, and must continue the description of them in our next issue.

Mr. G. Birchall very kindly informs us that he saw a butterfly, species unknown, at St. Leonard's on January 7th. The day there was warm and bright, and the insect had probably been called from its winter quarters by the mild weather.

Three years ago "H. E." wrote to me to say that a bullfinch he had in his possession had turned jet black. He now informs me that last year it became of its natural colour again, and now having just moulted is once more black. Truly it is a bird of most protean habits. The same gentleman has just brought out three young birds—a very strange time of year for them to do so.

"Second Edition" kindly confirms what I recently said about ladybirds in winter, and says that he has seen a great many during the last few weeks, counting eight together on one day.

## THE ACTOR.

Why is it that, when a burlesque is produced nowadays, it should be thought necessary to en-

gage some one to write original music for it? The habit is "good business" for the composer, but it is a waste of money nevertheless. There are plenty of lively melodies, more or less familiar to every body, which could justifiably be annexed for the purpose, and which would give very much more pleasure to the average audience than any new piece could convey. A good deal of humour may indeed be shown in the apt adaptation of well-known tunes to particular situations and characters.

An excellent suggestion has been made in regard to the theatre in Great Queen-street—so the effect, namely, that it should be utilised for the reception of a series of provincial companies, or, rather, of companies performing usually in the provinces. Many of these are very meritorious, and might hope for good patronage in London if the prices charged were reasonable. Opportunity would then be given to clever young artists to show the London managers and critics (if they could be induced to attend) what they could do, and many a useful recruit for the London stage might thus be picked up.

Mr. H. A. Jones had a crowded audience for his paper on "Being Rightly Amused at the Theatre," though no doubt the announcement that Miss Jessie Bond, Mr. Courtois Pounds, and Mr. Richard Temple were to sing after the lecture had a good deal to do with the assembling of so many people. Mr. Jones surprised me by the excellence of his elocution, and by the effect with which he made his various "points." Miss Jessie Bond, in a scarlet-coloured gown and very becoming hat, was of course the observed of all observers, and sang very delightfully. Of the two gentleman vocalists, one appeared in morning dress, the other in evening attire, which looked a little incongruous.

The statement that Miss Wallis is about to appear in London as Katharine in "The Taming of the Shrew" will, no doubt, remind many playgoers that she has already been seen in the metropolis in that rôle. She played it on one occasion for me, I think, the benefit of Mr. Pennington. Mr. Gladstone's favourite tragedian. She gave the shrewish scenes with great vigour and effect, and altogether imparted to the rôle much more reality than is usually infused into it.

Miss Wallis is seen too little on the stage. She is an actress of considerable intellectual and emotional gifts, she has had ample experience, and she is capable of giving great pleasure to the playing public. She, her husband, and their pretty little daughter, live within a stone's throw of Kensington Gardens, in a house which abounds with evidences of the culture and good taste of its occupants. When Miss Wallis returns to the Shaftesbury Theatre it will be as sole directress of affairs behind the curtain.

I welcome the prospect of seeing "Les Cloches de Corneville" performed again in London. It is a charming work, and, adequately done, ought always to be enjoyable. It was last seen at Her Majesty's Theatre, where it was presented by a troupe of foreign artists, including, if I remember rightly, the original Berpolette. But it missed fire, partly because half the audience could not understand French, and partly because on so big a stage and in so big a theatre the whole of the dramatic effect was lost. At the Opera Comique Mr. Shiel Barry sang Mr. Charles Ashford will play the original parts (Gaspard and Gobe), and that in itself will give interest to the enterprise.

The Miss Brunton who is to play Miss Grammett in "Cyril's Success" at the Criterion is, I take for granted, the Miss Elizabeth Brunton whose baptismal name is Robertson, and who is one of the sisters of Mrs. Kendal. I remember seeing the part played some years ago by another sister of Mrs. Kendal—Miss Fanny Robertson—who is now in the cast at the Comedy Theatre, and who gave an admirable picture of the sordid old woman.

Another interesting feature of the cast of "Cyril's Success" will be the re-appearance on the London stage of Miss Kate Compson (Mrs. E. C. Carlton), who has not been seen, I believe, by metropolitan playgoers since she figured in a recent melodrama at Drury Lane. I have often regretted the rarity of this lady's appearances in London, for, when well suited, she is admirable. Take, for example, her Princess in "The Great Pink Pearl," and her impersonation in the comedy by her husband which was brought out at the Strand Theatre a year or two ago.

## GENERAL CHATTER.

The London householder cannot quite understand why the price of coal should have gone up so prodigiously. He is aware that the Northern pitmen get eighteenpence a ton more than they did a few months ago. But, on the other hand, the position of the coal dealers should have diminished the selling price by eightpence a ton. Deducting that amount from the increased remuneration given to the miners, and tempore represents the difference of cost to the seller. But the market rate has advanced by fully five shillings a ton. Question: Who pushes the four shillings and twopence? Probably, the trade divides it between pitowners, middlemen, and retailers.

At one or two provincial towns a very wholesome bye-law forbids goods being placed outside shops, on the ground that the practice tempts needy people to theft. It would be no bad thing were this prohibition extended to London. Passing a well-known shell-fish shop at the West-end the other afternoon, I noticed a large basket full of freshly boiled and still steaming lobsters on the pavement. Close by stood three hungry-looking tatterdemalions, and if they did not help themselves it was not the fault of the owner, for there was no one apparently on guard over the crustaceans.

Another instance of a somewhat amusing sort came under my observation in the Strand, outside one of the minor restaurants. Some one had left a small basket on the pavement—a really neat basket, of a special sort. Probably the owner was inside at the bar, refreshing himself with a "modest quencher." There appeared on the scene a sharp-eyed little ragamuffin, who, after a glance around, gave the basket a kick as if in sport. Then another kick, and another, until he had got it some twenty or thirty yards from the restaurant, when picking it up he bolted round a corner and vanished. It was a smart trick; had the owner appeared while the kicking process was going on, the urchin would have protested, no doubt, that he was only having a bit of fun.

The scare about the influenza died out with wonderful quickness as soon as people discovered that the bark of the "Russian scourge" was far worse than its bite. Caution should still be exercised, nevertheless, by all who are attacked. It will be well, too, if the municipal authorities are stimulated to exercise greater vigilance and energy in rooting out pest centres. Like other diseases, the influenza needs insanitary surroundings for its vigorous development, and London may thank her superior drainage and excellent water supply for the comparative lightness of the present visitation.

There are passages in the description of the poor little Spanish King's illness which move one swiftly from laughter to tears and vice versa. What could be more comical, and at the same time more pathetic, than the account of how his infant Majesty "asked for toys and for nice things to eat?" Here the baby peeped out from the monarch's crowned baby longed for precisely the same things that a suffering little Jones or Smith would cry for.

The battle of the pavements still goes on bravely, and we are as far as ever from having solved the question as to which is the best. All are pretty well agreed, however, that both wood and asphalt are a long way from perfect, nor is there any controversy as to the necessity of furnishing all main thoroughfares with subway, as

a preliminary to re-paving. Here, then, is a splendid domain of really useful work for the London County Council. Let it bring all possible pressure to bear on the vestries with a view to bringing about joint action on a systematic plan. But I fear that vestry body is too much taken up with hot politics to feel interested in such a trifling matter as the street traffic of the metropolis.

What! another large system of docks in contemplation for London? So the papers say, at all events. I can scarcely believe it in presence of the fact that the existing docks had the greatest difficulty in earning very small dividends. Capital must, indeed, be "a drug in the market" when it seeks an opening in such a curiously unpromising direction. The new venture would, of course, encounter the sharpest opposition from the outset—especially that form of warfare which goes by the name of "rate cutting." But labour would benefit by the extension of the area of employment, and so, after all, this extraordinary project has its pleasant side.

An electric light company having undertaken to supply the locality in which I live, a gentleman interested in the venture tried to persuade me to use the new illuminant. He showed, in an elaborate harangue bristling with statistics, how vastly superior it is to gas. For the sake of peace, but not because I was convinced, I admitted so much. "Then," exclaimed my friend joyously, "we may look upon you as one of our future customers!" "Oh, dear no!" I replied. "I burn oil, not gas, and all your arguments against the latter have not, therefore, touched my case." He retired disconsolate.

The promoters of that abomination, the London Eiffel Tower, seem resolved to go on with their hateful project. Happily, the financial difficulty seems likely to prove insurmountable. The British investor may not be over wise, as a rule, but I question his willingness to furnish the enormous sum required for this needless structure. Let us wait, at all events, until we have further experience of the paying quality of the Paris horror. Its financial success last year was no criterion at all, that being mainly due to the Exhibition.

## MR. WHEELER.

Tempted by the loveliness of the weather last Sunday, I took my tricycle out of lavender and went for a short run to Kingston, via Richmond Park. It was enjoyable enough, as I could afford to take things easily, having plenty of time in hand. But had there been occasion for haste, I doubt whether the exceedingly heavy going would not have largely discounted the pleasure of the excursion. Very refreshing was it to feel oneself again making the wheels fly round, even if somewhat slowly. That is one of the pleasures of knocking about on a tricycle for a time; one enjoys it all the more afterwards.

"Smokers" are still the order of the night among wheelmen, who having used up all their talk about last season's performances, are now making pretty boast of the feats they intend accomplishing next season. In every club there are some members sufficiently near the top of the tree in expertness to threaten the supremacy of the present champions, and it is from this element that one hears most bragging and what have you? It pleases me, while it puts the champions on their mettle all the better. For these doughty heroes have a trick of slumbering on their laurels in default of rivalry to wake them up.

Let no novice be tempted into buying one of the machines in which everything is sacrificed to lightness of construction. No doubt it is a sweet boon to have a feather weight under one, more particularly on hilly roads. But, like other luxuries, it must be paid for. Not at first; a light cycle costs no more, as a rule, than one of heavier weight. But whereas the latter is practically indestructible, the former will be all to pieces in two or three years. Even with the very best materials and workmanship, I doubt whether any safety much under 40lb. can last beyond that term.

Now is the time for those who intend to make a beginning with cycling this year to attend a riding school. By doing so at once they become competent performers by the time the roads have hardened. Under able tuition, such as is afforded at the well-known school in the Blackfriars-road, over which Mr. Jackson presides, half a dozen lessons will suffice to teach the novice all that he can gain from instruction. After that, it is merely a question of practice, and this, too, can be obtained at the riding school.

After not a little mental debate, I am disposed to adopt the view that it is a mistake to aim at a perfectly perpendicular position above the pedal crank axles. That is all very well for climbing hills, but on the flat it tells against pace, owing to the going of the saddle, and the throwing of the middle-aged riders. No fixed rule can be laid down, of course, as to how far the saddle should be carried back; every one must determine that for himself. It should not be so far as to produce either back ache or knee cramp; those tortures will give warning quick enough when the coveted mean between perpendicularity and horizontality has been passed.

That go-ahead club, the Catford, is evidently determined to beat all records in the matter of prize-giving this season. It is a matter of operations shows that the same enterprising spirit that has made the club what it is still rules at headquarters. Nor do I doubt that the Kittens will give a good account of themselves should they again contend with the formidable Polytechnics club supremacy of the road. That sort of competition is a thousand times better worth seeing than the wretched loafing which goes by the name of "championship racing."

"Smoking does not go well with cycling, I find," observed a devout worshipping of the fragrant weed to me the other day. "Cigar smoking does not, at all events," I replied, knowing that his affections run in that direction. And it is a true saying; the finest Havanna or Manila weed becomes a mockery when the smoker is going any pace. It is long odds that the beauty will burn unevenly, while a core of fire pushes its way up the centre, driving the oil before it. No; if you must smoke on wheels, stick to the banal, less necessary pipe. And be sure it has a cover, if you do not want to have long tongues burnt and your palate peeled. For my own part, I prefer postponing the fumigation until a halt, but such abstinence would not suit all smokers.

There would soon be an enormous development of cycling if all clerks and shop assistants were supplied with places where they could store their machines during business hours. When they have to find accommodation elsewhere, some charge has to be paid, and that mounts up to a longish sum at the end of the season. I feel assured that employers would be only too ready in the long run by giving heed to this requirement. The health of their assistants would not fail to benefit from the regular exercise, and good health, we know, is the foundation of contentment and energy. I should like to see the whole commercial, trading, and industrial worlds wheeling to business every morning and wheeling back again every evening. There will be no more strikes when that comes to pass.

The secretary of a feminine cycling club has written to me, complaining at the purport of the caution I gave last week. If my correspondent will read that warning again, he—or she—will see that it did not apply to any particular club. It was purposely couched in the most general terms. I fail to see, therefore, where any grievance comes in. My correspondent seems to imagine that there is only one ladies' club, either established or projected, within metropolitan boundaries. A mistake; there are many on the stocks.







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WISDOM, AND VIRTUE OF SOCIETY. THIS  
ORDER ALONE IS KNOWN TO BE THE TRUE  
PRESERVER OF FREEDOM, AND MAY BE CALLED  
"THE PEOPLE."—*Vicar of Wakefield*, chap. 19.

Terrible, indeed, was the wrath excited, not only at Lisbon, but all over Portugal, by the complete collapse of the Ministerial attempt to defy the power of England in the matter of the South African dispute. The whole country was full of weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth when it became known that all the

bluster of Senhor BARROS GOMES amounted to absolutely nothing, and that the impudent attempt of a little nation to befool a big one out of its rights by presuming on its own weakness had broken down altogether. It was on Sunday last that the bladder of the Portuguese pretensions was pricked. On Saturday the

Lord SALISBURY which put an end at once to the lengthy diplomatic correspondence by which Senhor BARROS GOMES hoped to gain time for something or other to happen to postpone—if not to avoid altogether—the inevitable Portuguese surrender. Lord SALISBURY, with the firmness to be expected from him

of the demands of Great Britain. All Portuguese forces were to be withdrawn, as well as all Portuguese agents of every description, from the territory on the Shire river beyond the confluence of the Ruvo, and also from Mashonaland and the territory south of the



Zambesi which has been declared to be under British protection or within our sphere of influence. The threat of the departure of the British Minister in twenty-four hours in the event of a satisfactory answer not being forthcoming decided Senhor Barros Gomes and his colleagues to "climb down," and they promptly did so by conceding, of course "under protest," the whole of Lord Salisbury's very moderate demand. The Portuguese Ministers would have been spared the humiliation of that collapse if they had only had the sense to see from the outset that Lord Salisbury did not mean to be run out of what is practically British territory with Major BARRA PINTO's hand on his collar. Possibly Senhor Barros Gomes was under the impression that the "open mind" of Mr. Gladstone still controlled the foreign policy of this country, and that Great Britain was going tamely to submit to a so-called arbitration of the approved type, in which it is all along understood that she is to get nothing whatever. In any case, Portugal has made a big mistake, and the Portuguese, as well as all the continental peoples who habitually snap eagerly at the success of British commercial enterprise in Africa and elsewhere, have raised a howl of disappointment at the patriotic firmness of Lord Salisbury.

The true significance of the whole difficulty with Portugal is to be found in that howl of disappointment. Foreigners envy this country many things, but nothing certainly half so much as her capacity for commercial enterprise. For the energy and enterprise of modern England are almost wholly devoted to the opening up of new markets for the goods she produces. If these new markets were not opened up, it is as certain as sunset that a decline of England's greatness would merely be a matter of time. In days gone by England supplied countless European markets with goods which the local industries in various countries could not produce. That is all changed, or largely changed, now. Markets once open to British goods are now closed to them, partly through improvements in local industries, and partly in accordance with a deliberate system of exclusion. Hence the imperative necessity of opening up new regions for the expansion of English industrial enterprise. Africa is the great field for these operations in the future, and it is with the object of opening up Africa to British trade that the two great trading companies, the East African and the South African, have been formed. The formation of the South African Company has aroused the jealousy of Portugal. That impotent and indolent little country has therefore presumed to play an international game of dog-in-the-manger. The enormous tracts of country in which her agents have been instructed or permitted to tear down British flags and slaughter natives under British protection are districts in which English influence has been alive and flourishing for many years past. Portugal has hitherto been quite content to admit, in fact, the actual active presence of British influence there, in spite of the shadowy claims which she has never formally abandoned, on the ground of the exploits of Portuguese explorers several hundred years ago. Utterly unable, and equally unwilling, to do anything whatever in these regions herself, Portugal nevertheless declares that England shall in the future do no more than she herself has done in the past, and besides, that the existing fruits of British enterprise shall be handed over to her. Our readers will perceive that any English Minister who permitted the assertion by Portugal of this monstrous claim would be nothing but a traitor to his country. We do not want to go to Africa to shoot natives, to plant flags, or to extend the boundaries of our empire for show and swagger. We go there to trade and to civilise—above all to trade. The welfare of England depends on her markets, and the law of self-preservation forbids England to forego the rights she has already acquired in Africa at the bidding of a country which has to go back 200 years to find the shadow of a claim to any rights in that part of the dark continent. Lord Salisbury deserves the thanks of the country for his promptitude in pricking the bladder of Portuguese impudence.

By the death of Lord Napier of Magdala England has lost a veteran soldier of a type which can ill be spared. Lord Napier was one of the old school of soldiers who have been the makers of our Indian empire, and he personified the best attributes of one of the finest classes of men that this country, in all her glorious history, has succeeded in producing. His leading characteristic was his entire, whole-souled devotion to duty for duty's sake. Entering the Army without fortune or friends to exert any influence for him, he literally hewed his way to fame, not less by his conspicuous ability in the field than by his patient, plodding discharge of duty in time of peace. Glory did not come to him early, because, unlike some soldiers of these later days, he never went a hair's-breadth outside the path of his work in order to seek it. When success came it was felt by all who knew Robert Napier that no man ever deserved it more or had sought it less. In an age of self-advertisement the example which Lord Napier leaves behind him is a valuable legacy indeed.

Mr. John Burns has just given the public the finest object lesson in impudence that has been delivered for many a long day. His attack on the heroic Stanley at the last meeting of the London County Council will probably be remembered against him by the workingmen of London, who, being Englishmen, admire the brilliantly English characteristics of the great African explorer. Mr. Burns will probably feel sorry he spoke when he comes up for re-election to his seat on the council. Very likely it is not the business of the council to present an official address of welcome to Stanley; but, however that may be, there is no excuse for the blatant mixture of ignorance and impudence which Mr. John

Burns fired off at him. On the strength of twelve months' residence in Africa in some subordinate capacity, Mr. Burns had the insolence—there is no other word to express it—to bespatter Stanley with a torrent of abuse as silly as it was offensive. We warn Mr. Burns that he had better not attempt to play that game before an audience of workingmen. If he ever does, he will probably find himself saluted with a sarcastic suggestion that he should take the next steamer for Africa and see if he can do better than Stanley. We wish he would go.

## THE WEST-END SCANDAL.

### The Alleged Libel on Lord Euston. Trial of Mr. Parke. Sensational Evidence. Verdict and Sentence.

At the Central Criminal Court on Wednesday, before Mr. Justice Hawkins, Mr. Ernest Parke, proprietor and editor of the *North London Press*, surrendered to his bail on a charge of writing and publishing a false, scandalous, and defamatory libel upon Lord Euston, and imputing to him certain immoral and derogatory practices at a house in Cleveland-street, Fitzroy-square. The defendant pleaded not guilty, and also a justification, to the effect that the alleged libel was true in point of fact, and that it was for the public benefit that the facts should be made known. Sir C. Russell, Q.C., Mr. C. Mathews, and Mr. Lockwood, Q.C., were instructed to prosecute; Mr. Lockwood, Q.C., and Mr. Asquith appeared for the defendant. There was a crowded attendance nearly an hour before the time announced for the commencement of the trial. The bar was represented by over fifty counsel, and the public gallery was uncomfortably filled. Prior to the arrival of the judge, Mr. Parke sat in front of the Q.C.'s, but afterwards took his stand in the dock. Lord Euston was early in attendance. Sir Charles Russell, having opened the case, John O'Loughlin, who said he was a solicitor, and had a shop twenty-seven yards from Cleveland-street, stated that on the evening of the 25th of May, he saw a carriage drive up to Cleveland-street, and a gentleman get out of it and go into 19, Cleveland-street. Mr. Asquith asked the witness if he saw that gentleman in court (Lord Euston was sitting near Mr. Asquith). The witness, glancing all over the body of the court, said he could not see the gentleman. He saw him last outside the court a month ago, and on two occasions at Hyde Park. Mr. Lockwood suggested that Lord Euston should stand up in the court. Sir Charles Russell said he had no objection to any counsel who might think fit to do so. The witness then walked past the table. Mr. Justice Hawkins suggested that the man should direct his attention to that part of the court, and the man did so, but could not distinguish the prosecutor. Lord Euston then stood up. Mr. Asquith: Do you recognise that gentleman? Witness: I should say he is like Lord Euston. (Laughter.) The witness added, amid much merriment, "I should like to see him walk." Lord Euston went to the witness-box, turned round, and walked a pace or two. The witness said that was the gentleman he saw outside the court a month ago, and at Hyde Park.

### "His Sight was Defective."

Sir Charles Russell then cross-examined the witness. He could not say, he said, whether the carriage which stopped in Cleveland-street had one or two horses. His sight was defective. On one occasion when he saw Lord Euston at Hyde Park he was taken by a man in a cab to Hyde Park Corner, where he pointed out his lordship. A photograph was shown to him, and he said that the face in the photograph was broader than that of the man he saw. He was shown the photograph before he went to Hyde Park. He now identified Lord Euston by his walk. Sir Charles Russell: Then the fact is that you only saw the man go into 19, Cleveland-street? Yes. Describe the man you saw? He looked to me a man who ought not to have gone to a place like that. (Laughter.) Describe him. He was about 5ft. 9in. or 5ft. 10in., and thin in the face. Sir Charles Russell further elicited that two men, with photographs, called on him (witness) concerning this matter. The photographs were not the same. One of these men went with him in a cab to Hyde Park. The man had previously shown him the photograph. What did the man say? He said he was employed in the Times case to get up evidence against Parnell. (Laughter.) When handed some photographs—first passed to Sir Charles Russell by Mr. Lockwood—the witness said he could not, without glasses, say whether either of the photographs was like the man he saw go into 19, Cleveland-street. Then your sight is getting defective day by day? (Laughter.) Yes. The witness, who had further cross-examined at great length, said he did not suppose he received life, altogether from the man who showed him the photographs. He did not receive half as much as he ought to have received. (Laughter.)

### The Visitor to the House in May.

John William Smith, a porter, living in Tottenham-street, corroborated the evidence of the last witness as to seeing a carriage drive up to 19, Cleveland-street one evening in May last, when a gentleman got out and went into the house. He now identified Lord Euston as the man who went to 19, Cleveland-street. This witness was also cross-examined at some length. He had, he said, on a number of occasions seen carriages and cabs drive up to the house. It was outside 19, Cleveland-street, and he went into the house. It was after nine o'clock in the evening when Lord Euston went into the place. The carriage was a private one, with one horse, and a coachman in livery; but he could not say what the livery was like. He had not seen Lord Euston from that night in May until the present time. Who asked you to come here? Captain Webb. Further questioned by Sir Charles Russell, the witness said that until that day he did not know that Lord Euston was the man he saw at Cleveland-street. He did not know that he was required to identify the plaintiff. How many times have you seen Webb? Only about four times in Tottenham-street and two or three times at Westminster. Oh! Westminster? Where at Westminster? Down against the Aquarium. What did you do there? That's my business. Sir Charles Russell (severely): What was your business there, sir? On one occasion I went to the Aquarium; on another I went to see a friend who keeps a green-grocer's shop opposite; and at the third time I saw Mr. Webb against the Aquarium. Mr. Justice Hawkins: How many times have you seen the person you identify at 19, Cleveland-street? Quite six times.

### Going to Identify Lord Euston.

Michael O'Loughlin, a lad of about 18, who said he was a barman out of employment, and the son of the witness O'Loughlin, stated that he saw Lord Euston go in and come out of 19, Cleveland-street three or four times at the latter end of May or the beginning of June last year. It was late at night. One occasion was about two o'clock in the morning. About three weeks ago he saw Lord Euston come out of a house in Grosvenor-place, but he could not give the number. In cross-examination this witness said he was spoken to by Captain Webb about giving his evidence. He was at witness's father's house in Tottenham-street. Sir Charles Russell: Have you received any money from Captain Webb or any one else in connection with this matter? No. Not a penny? No. Have you been promised any? No, but I expect I shall get some. (Laughter.) In answer to other questions, the witness said that Captain Webb told him that Lord Euston lived at Grosvenor-place. A day or two after witness

went to Grosvenor-place and identified Lord Euston. You went to identify Lord Euston? Yes. Hannah Elizabeth Morgan, residing at 22, Cleveland-street, was the next witness. She said she had carried on business there as a tobacconist, but sold her business about a fortnight ago. No. 22, Cleveland-street, was immediately opposite No. 19. She had seen many persons going in and coming out of No. 19, and she had noticed some persons particularly going about the house. Altogether she had seen about fifty or sixty persons frequenting the place. She went to a house in Grosvenor-place about a month ago, and saw there a person whom she had seen at 19, Cleveland-street. She recognised Lord Euston, who was now in court, as the person of whom she was speaking. She had seen him on several occasions at the house, but had never after the parties left. It would be about three or four months before the occupants left that she first saw the gentleman in Cleveland-street. Occasionally she had seen him at midday. She had only seen him once in the evening. He drove up to the house usually in a four-wheeler. Answering Sir Charles Russell, witness said that the 19, Cleveland-street house was a gentleman's name. There were a great many gentlemen coming to the house from morning to evening. They generally came in hansoms or four-wheelers. Was there any one you could identify more easily than another? No; only Lord Euston. Continuing, witness said that she only identified Lord Euston through a photograph having been shown her. The gentleman whom she believed was Lord Euston had on light trousers and a blue top-coat with a velvet collar. Apart from the photo was there anything to fix any one visitor in your memory more than another? Lord Euston. Ah, that won't do. Apart from the photo, did you have special call to remember anybody? No.

### A Barman's Evidence.

Frederick Grant, a young lad with fluffy yellow hair, who said he was a barman, stated that on one occasion he went to the Middlesex Music Hall with Michael O'Loughlin. Returning, he passed through Cleveland-street, and saw a witness called to a gentleman coming out of No. 19. That gentleman was Lord Euston, whom he pointed out in his place at the solicitors' table. Sir Charles Russell cross-examined, with the purpose of discovering whether Grant had seen Lord Euston between the alleged incident in Cleveland-street and the sitting of that court. The lad was explicit that, apart from a photo, he had seen or heard nothing of Lord Euston in the interval. Witness admitted that he and Michael O'Loughlin often called upon Captain Webb with reference to the case to see what it was all about. He saw Lord Euston who might be about 15 or 17, but who by his evidence is older, next went into the box to tell Mr. Lockwood that he had known a man by name Charles Hammond.

### A Sensational Statement.

Do you see any person in this court whom you have seen at Hammond's? I seem to that gentleman and here the witness pointed his finger at Lord Euston. You saw that gentleman at Hammond's? I did. I brought him there myself. This was decidedly the statement of the day, and a thrill of excitement went through the court. Sir Charles Russell and Mr. George Lewis whispered together, and the Earl of Euston spoke to Mr. Lewis. Mr. Lockwood went on with his questions. How did you meet this person? It was in May, 1887, that I met him. This was in Sackville-street. We had a hansom cab together; we got out at the corner of Cleveland-street, and I admitted the gentleman to the 19 with my latch-key. He came along to where we were, and asked if we wanted any champagne. In this connection an expression which witness used caused a laugh to arise in court, and Mr. Lockwood appealed to the bench that his task, so difficult in itself, should not be rendered more so by an exhibition of laughter. "Brutal and hideous," exclaimed the judge. Then the witness explained without interruption what took place. His lordship left a sovereign on the chest of drawers. He saw Lord Euston at the house after that once, and he had not forgotten it. A boy named Frank Hewitt, whom he believed was now abroad, was at the house on the occasion of his lordship's second visit, and so also was Newlove. Witness quarrelled with Hammond about the end of May, 1887, and after the quarrel he did not go back to the house.

### Important Cross-examination.

In reply to Sir Charles Russell, witness said he now resided in Brixton with a Mr. Violet. Mr. Violet took care of him, and he came to take care of him because he was employed in the office at Westminster where witness had made his second statement. He recollected the prosecution of Veck and Newlove. He did not know anything of the boys who were examined in that case. At the time witness left the Cleveland-street house Hammond was making a "good collection" of Post Office boys. The ring on his finger was only paste, and the scarf pin also. Violet gave him his food and lodging, but he did not require clothes, as witness took clothes out of pawn as he needed them. He had borrowed a little money from Mr. Violet to send home to his mother. So far as witness knew, Lord Euston, when he first met him, did not know him, and witness certainly did not know Lord Euston. He had frequently seen Lord Euston walking about Piccadilly since he saw him at the Cleveland-street house. Lord Euston had given him a warning. Don't speak to me, he said. I am in the street. Had been guilty of offences in Dublin in 1885. He came to London first in 1879, and had been in London since. He had not done much that was honest to earn his bread. He had been with Hammond at various houses. He quarrelled with Hammond because he was giving him too little money. He had lived in an immoral house in Soho. Did you lodge in a house in Church-street, Soho, with a woman known as "Queen Anne"? Oh, sir, it's a man. In reply to further questions, Saul said that "Queen Anne" was in the court. The police had never interfered with witness. Do you mean that the police shut their eyes to your conduct? They had to shut their eyes to a great many more besides. He was summoned in connection with a prosecution in Dublin in 1884, but his evidence was not accepted because it was too old. The evidence of Saul closed the case for the defence.

### Lord Euston in the Witness-box.

Lord Euston (called by Sir C. Russell) stated that at the police court he was sworn and examined as a witness. He was cross-examined by Mr. Lockwood at that time, but not a single question was put to him with reference to the incidents mentioned that day. In the middle of November he received a telegram at Euston Hall requiring his presence in London. He drove with a friend to the offices of Messrs. Lewis, and gave instructions for a prosecution. He recollected being in Piccadilly about eleven o'clock at night at the end of May. A card was put into his hand and he read "C. Hammond, 'Poses Plastiques'." He went to the house in a hansom. A week afterwards he drove to the house. It was about eleven at night when he reached the house. He rang the bell, and the door was opened by a man of medium height and full face. The man took him into a sitting-room and asked him for a sovereign. He gave the man the money, and asked him where the "poses plastiques" were. The man said, "There's nothing of that sort here, and added that there were boys in the house. What did you do? I asked him what he meant by saying such a thing to me, and declared that unless he let me out of the house at once I should knock him down. He opened the door, and I went away. Did you at the time mention the occurrence to anybody? No. Why? Mr. Lockwood objected. Examination continued: Did you at any time later mention that fact to any one? Yes. To friends of yours? Yes. Mr. Lockwood objected to the witness being aided by suggestions. Examination resumed: First of all, Lord Euston, I would like to ask you what is your height? Six feet four. Except upon the occasion you have

described were you ever in Cleveland-street in your life? No.

### He Denies Saul's Statement.

Is it true that in the month of May, 1887, you went to 19, Cleveland-street in company with the man John Saul? No; it is utterly untrue. Did you in the whole course of your life ever see John Saul until you saw him in the witness-box to-day? No; never. Did you know the existence of such a person until his name was mentioned in this plea? No. Is it true that some days after you went there? Certainly not. Or that in the months of May and June, 1888, you resorted to that house? No; it is untrue. Or that in the months of May, June, and July, 1889, you resorted there? No; it is not true. Did you ever hear the name Frank Hewitt until you were informed of it by this plea? I did not. Is it true that in July, 1889, you left this kingdom and went to Feral? No; it is utterly untrue. Or is it true that you left the kingdom, and went into parts out of the jurisdiction of this court? No; I have not been out of the kingdom since May, 1888. What was the occasion of your being out of the country in 1888? I went to see my sister at Biarritz in 1888, and I got home on May 22nd. Except on that occasion, how many years have you been in the United Kingdom without leaving it? I have not been out of it since that date. Is it true that you made any suggestion against you, or that any warrant was issued against you, or that there was any suggestion of any offence against you whatever? No. It has been said by one of the witnesses as to your identification that you wore a blue pilot coat with a velvet collar. What do you say about that? I have not got such a thing. You might have had at that time? No, sir. I have not had a coat of that description for many years. Have you ever been to Cleveland-street in a private carriage? No, sir; never.

### Cross-examination.

Cross-examined by Mr. Lockwood: When first did you hear any remarks with regard to this house, No. 19, Cleveland-street? The first I heard of it was the trial of these people some time in October. I heard that somebody had been called. Did you not hear of the trial of Newlove and Veck before September? I heard that proceedings had been taken against some people at the police court. Am I right in supposing that you heard of the proceedings in the police court against these men at the time that such proceedings were pending? I really forget exactly. I heard it. It did not interest me much. I am not at present considering whether it interested you or not. I want to know whether you heard at the time these proceedings were pending about them? I forget exactly. Would it be in the month of July or August you heard of these proceedings? I suppose it was about that time. I never saw these proceedings taken against these persons in respect of what had taken place at this house, No. 19, Cleveland-street? Yes. And the first mention you made to any of your friends that you had been to 19, Cleveland-street was in October? Yes; the 26th, I think. You remembered that this was the house you had visited? Yes; it came to my mind that it was the house that I had been to once. Have you ever seen Newlove or Veck? No. In your life? No. You have never had them pointed out to you? No. When you did mention it you had heard rumours respecting yourself in connection with this house? Yes. And you never told this story to the judge at the police court, and that you have told to-day until your own name was coupled with this house? No; that is quite right. To whom did you tell it? To Lord Dorchester, to Lord Dungarvan, and to Mr. Bedford. Are these gentlemen members of some club to which you belong? Oh, yes; several. Did you know Lord Arthur Somerset? Yes, I knew him. Was he a member of the club to which you belong? Yes, he belongs to some that I belong to. How long was it after you had first heard your name coupled with this house that you told this story to your friends? Mr. Bedford was the first who brot me the rumour of it, on Saturday evening, October 26th. I then told him the story. I dined with Lord Dungarvan that night, and consulted him as to the best thing to be done in the matter, and we decided to go to Lord Dorchester, as being an older man and one who could advise us. Up to that time you had told it to no one? No; I was disgusted at being trapped or caught in a place like that. One does not like to have one's foolish acts published.

### "Poses Plastiques."

Upon the card you say was given you in Piccadilly there was written "poses plastiques"? Yes. I suppose you knew that referred to some filthy exhibition that was to take place? An exhibition of— I used the words "filthy exhibition" advisedly, and wish to bind you to it. A filthy exhibition. Do you consider that a filthy exhibition? I don't say that. But do you say so? I don't approve of it. You don't approve of it? Did you consider or did you not that it referred to some filthy exhibition? I knew what "poses plastiques" were. Did you consider it referred to some filthy exhibition? No; I have seen some "poses plastiques" that you could not call filthy. Did you consider it referred to some exhibition which you would be ashamed to be known to have visited amongst your friends? No; I don't think I should have been ashamed of it. Then there is no reason why you should not have told your friends that you had attended such an exhibition? I did not attend such an exhibition. There would have been no reason if it had been an exhibition of that sort. Why you should not have spoken of it to your acquaintances without restraint and without any shame is that what you mean? Certainly without restraint. And without shame? Yes; and I think without shame. How old are you? Forty-one. What did you expect to see? I am not quite certain what it was. You were alone, of course? Yes. What was your reason for not telling your friends of the trap which you had been laid for you? I thought it was a very well out of the way sort of thing, and I thought I would not mention it to anybody. You say you knew Lord Arthur Somerset. When did he leave this country? I really do not know. Mr. Justice Hawkins: Is that a matter that need be gone into now? Mr. Lockwood said he had an object in view. Cross-examination resumed: Did you not go to Boulogne? No. Do you know a place called Villowden? No. Did you not visit it? I did not. In re-examination, Lord Euston said there was not the slightest foundation for the suggestion that he had visited such a place as Villowden. Another case of mistaken identity? Yes. This concluded the case for the prosecution.

### Address for the Defence.

Mr. Lockwood then addressed the jury for the defendant. He remarked that his learned friend's suggestion that nothing would have been easier than for Lord Euston to tell them that he had never been near this house did not apply to this case, because Lord Euston, for some reason of which of course he was aware, could not say that he had never been near it. He (Mr. Lockwood) suggested that the reason was that Lord Euston had ground to believe that on one of these occasions he had been seen by some one who would know him. Therefore it was necessary for him to account for at least one visit, and so he had told the story which they had heard from him. Much depended on whether the jury accepted or rejected that story. If the story was accepted or rejected, it had visited the plea of justification. If they had strong, substantial doubts as to the truth of the story, there was very grave reason why they should attach all the more importance to the evidence which had been given as to the other occasions on which it was alleged that Lord Euston had been to the house. Lord Euston had told them that he went there expecting to see an exhibition which he could not see. Why, then, should he have made a statement without shame? He made a statement of an entirely true nature, which he was apparently addicted to. This was all-important in considering the probability or improbability of his story.

It was, the learned counsel urged, proved that Lord Euston had been in the habit of visiting the house in Cleveland-street, and that being so, nobody would say that the publication of the alleged libel was not justified.

### Sir Charles Russell's Address.

Sir C. Russell contended that the truth of the libel had not been proved. He looked with suspicion on the evidence brought forward that day, because, he contended, it was not known to the defendant when he wrote the libel, and was not mentioned at the police court. As to the plea of justification, he might claim that it had not been made out; but he would not take that course, and would grapple boldly with the question. He admitted that if Saul's evidence were believed, Lord Euston would leave that court with a blasted character; but was there any one who would peril the life of the meanest of God's creatures on such evidence? With regard to Saul, he had for years followed a degraded life, apparently without shame. Was ever so monstrous a story as his told in a court of justice? What would have been the conduct natural to a person leading such a life of infamy? Would it not have been to go to Lord Euston and extort money? Yet it was confessed by Saul that he had never made any communication, direct or indirect, by letter or otherwise, to Lord Euston, and yet in face of the evidence he had extorted money from him. And who might think that if they made a clean breast of it their imprisonment might be shortened; how came it that neither of these men were called, if the plea of justification were correct? There was a detective agency, and mysterious men went to various people; how was it that they had not got hold of other persons who frequented the house? It was public knowledge that during the last week an inquiry had been going on with regard to proceedings in this very house; and yet in face of the allegation that for years Lord Euston had been a habitual attendant at that place for nefarious purposes, not one single person had been called from the house except Saul, whose evidence damned the case. At the conclusion of Sir C. Russell's address, the court adjourned for the day.

### The Summing-up.

On Thursday Mr. Justice Hawkins commenced the summing-up, remarking that the case was a most important one. The first question of fact raised was as to whether a libel had been published. This was not disputed, and a more heinous crime than that imputed to Lord Euston could not be imagined. The jury had to consider whether the plea of justification satisfactorily made out that which the defendant had sought to establish. They were not making any general inquiry into the facts as to Cleveland-street, nor into the rumours concerning one or more persons. The libel was headed, "Poses Plastiques," and the defendant had named the name of the Earl of Euston, expressing the belief that he had escaped from justice to Feral. That could leave no doubt in any person's mind that conduct of the most abominable character was imputed to Lord Euston, and if true the statement would do him incalculable injury. No man had a right in law to justify a libel so as to exonerate himself unless he was prepared to prove the truth of that which he alleged. In the criminal court, in the interests of the public, it had further to be proved that the publication was for the public good before a man could establish a plea of justification. The whole question was whether Lord Euston had been proved a miscreant or was he entitled to the verdict that the case had not been proved.

### The Verdict—Statement by Mr. Parke.

The jury retired at 1.5, and returned into court at 1.45, with a verdict of guilty, and that the justification was not proved. Mr. Mathews called attention to the fact that the prisoner had stated in his newspaper that if the libel was not proved he had no desire to escape the natural consequences. He wished the judge to further notice that on the 30th of November the prisoner published a portrait of Lord Euston, although he had been returned for trial on the 26th November. The Judge: Well, no one would recognise Lord Euston's picture. Mr. Mathews said that did not affect his intention. Up to the 16th November not one single fact was in the possession of the prisoner upon which he could rely. Mr. Roskill (now appearing for Mr. Asquith) said they had had no notice of this. The Judge: Then I will postpone the case until to-morrow if you wish. Mr. Roskill did not think the statement made would justify him taking the responsibility of a postponement. Mr. Parke, having obtained permission to speak, said through out the whole case he had acted in perfect good faith, and had published what he conceived to be to the public interest. He did not print the libel without having evidence to support it; but what that evidence was he could not say. The Judge: The libel is an exceedingly bad one; but if you would like to have until to-morrow to give me any information which you think would alter my view of the matter you shall do so, but at present, as the evidence stands, I do not think the statement made would justify him taking the responsibility of a postponement. Mr. Parke said that with regard to the first point raised by Mr. Mathews, he would have to abide by the result, but the portrait of Lord Euston was published for precisely the same reasons as it appeared in many other papers. Among other evidence at time of publication he had Saul's statement. The Judge: I do not think the statement made would justify him taking the responsibility of a postponement. Mr. Parke said that with regard to the first point raised by Mr. Mathews, he would have to abide by the result, but the portrait of Lord Euston was published for precisely the same reasons as it appeared in many other papers. Among other evidence at time of publication he had Saul's statement. The Judge: I do not think the statement made would justify him taking the responsibility of a postponement. Mr. Parke said that with regard to the first point raised by Mr. Mathews, he would have to abide by the result, but the portrait of Lord Euston was published for precisely the same reasons as it appeared in many other papers. Among other evidence at time of publication he had Saul's statement. The Judge: I do not think the statement made would justify him taking the responsibility of a postponement.

### The Sentence.

The judge said that that being the case he would say that there was never a more atrocious libel. The prisoner had before him nothing more than a rumour that Lord Euston had been guilty of an abominable crime, for which he would have been liable to be sent into penal servitude for life, a sentence which would have been hardly sufficiently expressive of the horror felt at a gentleman in his position being guilty of so wicked and grave a crime. The prisoner suggested he had other evidence. He could hardly credit the statement, and at least it was shown that the prisoner could place no reliance upon it. A plea which said that others said and the publication he would never tolerate. He had expressed himself as strongly as a man could do, and he felt compelled to say that he absolutely and entirely agreed with the verdict of the jury. He did not believe it would have been possible to find in England twelve men who, conscientiously, honestly, and carefully looking at the evidence, could have come to any other conclusion than that this was a wicked libel, published without any justification, and endeavoured to be supported by testimony which was entirely unworthy of the name of evidence. He could pass a sentence which, he hoped, besides being a punishment, would be a warning to others not to publish such libels. The sentence would be one of twelve months' imprisonment. The prisoner, who received his sentence with composure, was then removed to the cells.



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# "THE PEOPLE" MIXTURE.

The British Museum was opened 131 years ago. Six young men in a sleigh were driving along Fraser River road, Vancouver, British Columbia, when a tree fell, crushing the sleigh, and killing four.

What a little idea we have of the amount of locomotion in the streets of London. In six months the London Tramways Company alone carried 20,000,000 passengers.

The Solicitor-General has declined the leading brief for the Times in the action brought against that paper by Mr. Parnell for the publication of the Pigott letters.

The strike of miners in Belgium is believed to have come to an end, the colliery owners having decided in principle to grant the demand of the men for a reduction of hours.

The one suicide resulting from an attack of insanity occurred at the State Prison at Boston. George Smith was the victim. He had been deeply chagrined at not being able to perform his duties as watchman.

As a man named Owen McQuarthy and his son were proceeding to Ballinacorney, county Down, their horse was frightened by a dog which jumped from an enclosure. The car upset, and the father was killed on the spot and his son was badly injured.

A family at Theben, in Hungary, has been suffocated by an escape of gas. It was with much difficulty that the father and one of the children were brought back to consciousness, but the rest of the family, consisting of the mother and three children, between the ages of ten years and three months, expired.

Considerable excitement has been caused in Nottingham and Newark by the fact that Mr. E. J. Beard, manager of the Nottingham and Nottingham Bank, has disappeared. Mr. Beard, who has for some time past been in a low state of health, only recently came into a considerable amount of property, which remains unaccounted for.

A storm, which lasted five minutes, passed over St. Louis the other afternoon, and along its course which was a quarter of a mile wide, it did great damage. Many buildings were injured, and three lives were lost. The storm reached Kentucky in the evening, and at Clinton eleven persons were killed and many others hurt, some fatally.

A considerable number of foreigners are every year expelled from France for misconduct or rabidness. Of those so expelled last year, the English hold a very satisfactory position. It appears that there were no fewer than 1,612 Spaniards, 1,416 Belgians, 573 Germans, 369 Swiss, 35 Dutch, 57 Austrians, and only 53 English sent out of the country.

The Liverpool Recorder, referring to his practice of inflicting short sentences, which had been adversely commented upon by some of the judges and the newspapers, contended that the practice had led to a decrease of crime. He had the sympathy of the Lord Chief Justice and others, and he was sure and confident of the course he had adopted.

The Dalton police magistrate having convicted members of the Salvation Army for playing a drum and other instruments in the Holloway-road, the question of the legality of that conviction was argued on appeal before Mr. Baron Pollock and Mr. Justice Hawkins, who sent the case back to the magistrate for information as to the grounds on which he based his judgment.

Mr. Gladstone, speaking at Haverdon on the subject of India, urged that the people of England, who now had the control of the destinies of that great dependency, should deal with India on the same principles of justice as they demanded for themselves. He believed that the natives of India would not exchange the sovereignty of this country for that of any other Power.

A man, calling himself John Smith, was charged at the Lambeth Police Court with being disorderly. He was one of a number of men who assembled daily at the approach to the South Metropolitan Gasworks, Vauxhall Bridge, for the purpose of molesting the men working there. When told to go away the prisoner refused to do so. He was sent to goal for fourteen days without the option of paying a fine.

A greengrocer at Finsbury, named Norton, charged his wife, at the Worship-street Police Court, with stealing some jewellery from him. The magistrate asked her how she came to be in his wife with stealing his goods. When the woman was in custody she told the female searcher where she had hidden the articles. The magistrate recommended the parties to separate, and dismissed the woman, Norton having recovered his property.

The Prince of Wales presided at a dinner in aid of the National Leprosy Fund. His royal highness in a lengthy speech urged the painful importance of the main object they had in view—the medical treatment and care of lepers throughout the British empire, and mentioned that if sufficient funds could be obtained it was intended to found two scholarships for the special study of this dreadful disease.

At Leicester, Samuel Barahy was charged with keeping two betting-houses, and Walter and William Dutton with assisting in conducting them. The other night the police paid a surprise visit to both places, used ostensibly as barber's shops, and, it is stated, seized a large number of betting-books and tickets and £20. The men were arrested, and at the police court were remanded on bail.

An alarming collision occurred early on Tuesday on the Doe Lea branch of the Midland Railway, near Clapwell Colliery. A train which conveys workmen from Chesterfield and other places to the colliery every day, and is always well filled, ran into a number of coal trucks, which were fouling the main line. Happily nobody was fatally injured, but between twenty and thirty workmen received cuts and bruises.

Amelia Woollettine, a young woman who described herself as a nurse, was tried at the South London Sessions for theft. According to the evidence, she had gained admission to charitable institutions, from which, a few days later, she decamped with property valued in one instance at £100 and in another at £15. She had also robbed people in furnished apartments and houses in which she had been employed. Sir P. Edlin sentenced her to five years' penal servitude.

Mr. Irving, as president of the Actors' Benevolent Fund, took the chair at the annual meeting held on the stage of the Lyceum Theatre. In his address Mr. Irving showed that during the year the benefits of the fund had been substantially increased, while the expenses had been diminished. He feared, however, that in the coming year there would be a greater demand upon their resources, and he therefore hoped that their receipts would correspondingly increase. Mr. Bram Stoker, Mr. Toole, Mr. Beerbaum Tree, Mr. S. B. Henslow, and other gentlemen also addressed the meeting.

The chairman of the trustees of the People's Palace says that in his next report, which will be issued towards the close of the present year, he hopes and fully expects to be able to announce the completion of the palace buildings and the final launching of the whole scheme into full operation. Thus the seventh anniversary of the first meeting of the trustees will see the final establishment of an institution of which the boldness and originality of the design have been equalled only by the brilliancy of its success even while only in the early stages of its evolution.

There is in London a "13 Club," whose object is to fight against superstition by demonstrating that thirteen people can dine together quite harmlessly. Naturally their monthly meeting takes place on the 13th, and on this occasion Mr. Blanch, the president, seized the opportunity to remark that they were not engaged in a crusade against religion, but against "superstition." The battle of life was waged against "about being superstitious," weighed with the phantoms and hobgoblins of tradition, and the action of those who attempted to dissipate groundless fears and

to show the absurdity of diabolical omens was entitled to public sympathy and support.

There have been terrific gales in the Atlantic during the past week.

The water companies of London had to supply 758,336 houses during the month of December.

The detectives in New York City made 1,578 arrests last year, and recovered property valued at \$296,716.

The death rate in Paris for the week ending January 4th was considerably the highest in any city in Europe. It was 7.

Princess Louise, who was accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne, opened the loan exhibition at the Canadian School of Art.

Several valuable hounds belonging to the South Norfolk pack have been poisoned while hunting on the Flintham estate.

The death is announced, at the age of 90, of Mr. Anthony Lefroy, formerly M.P. for Dublin University, and son of Lord Chief Justice Lefroy.

By an explosion at the Festinog Gasworks, the manager, Mr. Jones, was killed, and a number of other men were injured.

Judge McConell, of Chicago, has granted a new trial in the case of Kunze, one of the Cronin prisoners, but refused it in the case of the other convicts.

A Plymouth telegram states that the Admiralty has sanctioned the expenditure of £198,000 for the building of the Edgar, a first-class cruiser, at Devonport.

Of the 1,747 deaths in London last week 24 were from measles, 13 from scarlet fever, 23 from diphtheria, 118 from whooping cough, 11 from enteric fever, and 12 from diarrhoea and dysentery.

A serious strike has occurred at a large iron foundry, the Alton Horrocks, in Billboro. About 1,000 workmen have come out. The strike is believed to have been organized by the Socialist Committee.

William Hughes, a man of 45, of Brown-street, Glasgow, found his wife lying dead by his side in bed. He said, "I'll be buried beside her," and the next night swallowed four separate penny-worths of laudanum.

A fleet of fishing vessels put out the other morning from Dunstaff Bay, co. Donegal. A storm came on and scattered the boats, and one of them foundered, the nine men on board being drowned.

The anti-tobaccoists have got a new terror to hold out against smokers. A "celebrated European specialist" for diseases of the throat asserts that tuberculosis is making alarming progress among cigar smokers.

Walter Fletcher, of Louisville, was the brightest boy in his class, but about a year ago became an excessive smoker of cigarettes. Recently he was stricken unto death with heart disease, directly brought on by smoking.

The Admiralty have agreed to pay £100 and costs to the lad, William Thomson, who, being mistaken for a deserter from her Majesty's ship Calypso, was sentenced to ninety days' imprisonment at Lewes Gaol. The original offer of the Admiralty was £25.

Major-General Goodenough, R.A., has been appointed by the Duke of Cambridge to the important command of the Thames District, with headquarters at Chatham. The office shortly becomes vacant on the completion of Lieutenant-General Dunne of his period of staff service.

Mr. W. B. Hextall, of the Midland Circuit, who stood for Derby in opposition to Sir W. Harcourt and Mr. Roe in 1885, and has been regarded as a Conservative candidate for the borough, has intimated that he will be unable to contest the borough at the next election.

The happy prize winner at the last drawing of the Panama Lottery is M. Euphrasie, Baron Rothschild's son-in-law. He is the wealthiest by £20,000. He bought on the morning of the drawing a bond for 80fr., which, by a curious freak of fortune, bore the number destined to win.

Joseph Fried, a stage mechanic and scenic artist, committed suicide in Brooklyn by swallowing poison in a glass of champagne. When his dead body was found a revolver with all the chambers loaded was clenched in his right hand, indicating that, if the poison failed, he intended to use the bullet.

The buildings for the Royal Military Exhibition are to be finished by the 23rd of March. They will include the Gordon Home and grounds, about three and a half acres, with the principal entrance and the Thames Embankment. The Prince of Wales has consented to open the exhibition on an early day in May.

The Empress Frederick has sent the following telegram to the nearest relatives of the late Professor Dollinger:—"I feel the deepest and most sincere sympathy with you on the occasion of the decease of your uncle, in whom I revered a very eminent and meritorious man, and whose death is an irreparable loss to the whole cultivated world."

The Richmond Select Vestry have unanimously approved the introduction of a bill into Parliament for the construction of a lock and footbridge on the Thames in the neighbourhood. They further decided that the expenses of promoting the bill in Parliament be raised out of the general district rate. This decision will have to be confirmed by the ratepayers in public meetings assembled before any final action is taken.

Mrs. Erwin and her daughters, Mary and Bessie, from Benton county, Missouri, stopped at the Oakland Hotel, San Francisco, and, not being accustomed to the use of gas, asked the hotel clerk to show them how to turn it off. All three retired to the same bed, and in the morning they were found dead. An examination of the stop-cock on the gasburner revealed the fact that it had been turned but half-way off.

At the Dover Town Council meeting, a letter was read from the military authorities stating that at Whitewide it was intended to put to a practical test the tactical and administrative arrangements for the defence of Dover and the Channel, by means of the combined Artillery, the Militia, and the Cinque Ports Volunteers. The local authorities were asked to co-operate.

A postman named Searle, whilst making a short cut across the churchyard at Marychurch, near Torquay, in the early twilight, ran against the dead body of a man hanging from a tree. Searle fainted from fright, but on recovering made off rapidly and roused some friends, who found that the deceased was an old man named Brewer, lately a coachman, and previously the manager of a coffee tavern. He had apparently committed suicide by hanging himself.

A young man asked the magistrate at a London police court the other day to grant him a protection order. His wife was then lying dead at home, and because he would not allow her friends to "wake the body," they had threatened and assaulted him. The funeral of his wife was to take place that afternoon, and he was afraid he would again be assaulted. The magistrate said he could not do more than grant the applicant a summons against the persons who assaulted him.

The receipts on account of revenue from the lot of April, 1889, when there was a balance of £5,592,002, to January 11th, 1890, were £23,239,470, against £22,906,440, in the corresponding period of the preceding financial year, which began with a balance of £7,047,072. The net expenditure was £27,438,516, against £26,981,587 to the same date in the previous year. The Treasury balance on January 11th, 1890, amounted to £1,154,690, and at the same date in 1889 to £1,405,335.

No doubt now remains that Mr. Thomas Marsh's yacht, the Heather Bell, went down in a gale off Conway, and that its owner perished. Mr. E. Evans, harbour-master, Conway, discovered where the yacht lay, after considerable exertions, and endeavoured to recover the deceased gentleman's gun and revolver, but he obtained no trace of the body. It is supposed that Mr. Marsh, who resided at Eremont, Cheshire,

was washed away by the heavy seas prior to the wreck.

News has been received of the death, from typhoid fever, of the Bishop of Zululand.

Mr. Talbot, father of the House of Commons, is again seriously ill.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have left Berlin for St. Petersburg.

The weather is so mild that in many gardens in the neighbourhood of Plaistow primroses, daisies, and violets are in full bloom.

The National Pension Fund for Nurses has received New Year's gifts of £10,000, contributed by about 100 gentlemen. The bonus fund of the association, apart from contributions given by nurses, now amounts to £26,000.

The Prince of Wales went out shooting over the Canford covert, near Wimborne, with Prince George and several others. The game picked up numbered 997 pheasants, seven hares, fourteen rabbits, and one woodcock.

The centenary of the death of John Howard, the philanthropist, which will occur on a 30th inst., will be marked by the erection of a Bedford of a bronze statue as a memorial. The cost of the statue is expected to be not less than £2,000.

Details have been received of the recent revolt against the Provisional Government of Brazil. It is stated that no commissioned officers were concerned in the mutiny.

The War Office notifies that the next competitive examination of Militia subalterns for commissions in the Army will be held on March 19th and 20th, the medical inspection taking place on March 18th.

Another London club is in process of formation. It is to be called New Travellers, and on the list of the committee are the Duke of Marlborough, the Marquis of Dufferin, Lord Wimborne, Earl Manvers, Viscount Combermere, the Earl of Southesk, and many other well-known names.

The Duchess of Albany has intimated her intention of being present on the 3rd inst. at a concert to be given by the Children's Orphanage of the Westminster Town Hall, in aid of the funds of the Royal Hospital for Women and Children in Waterloo Bridge-road.

The steamer City of Amsterdam, from Rotterdam, reports having picked up, thirty-five miles S.E. of St. Vincent, Pointe à Pitre, an open boat, who states that he is the sole survivor of the Mary, of Hayle, from Pentonville, Brussels, with china clay. The Mary was run down and sunk by an unknown steamer on Sunday morning.

A company has been formed in Amsterdam for the purchase, sale, and exchange of foreign postage stamps, under the title Société Anonyme Philatéla. The capital amounts to 50,000 guilders, in 200 shares of 250 guilders each, issued at par. The directors include an ex-postmaster, a manufacturer, and a lawyer. The company has been started under royal patronage.

An inquest has been held in Dublin on the body of Mrs. Mary Canavan, an old woman, alleged to have been murdered by her son at his residence, a Charlemont-place, Dublin. The jury found that death was caused by congestion of the brain, the result of injuries inflicted by John Canavan, the son, who was subsequently brought up at Dublin Police Court and remanded.

Part of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, between Blackburn and Preston, was blocked for nine hours on Wednesday by an accident. A goods train ran off the line between Hoghton and Plesington, and before it could be stopped it tore up the permanent way for a quarter of a mile, many wagons being smashed. The train was brought to a standstill almost on the brink of a very high viaduct which spans a rocky ravine, at the bottom of which the River Derwent flows.

The rat plague in the Fen district of Lincolnshire still continues to cause much uneasiness amongst the farmers. Extensive destruction has been wrought in all directions. The runs in the fields are large as rabbit burrows, and in many instances half the produce of some crops has been destroyed. Many attempts have been made to check the ravages, and although a very large number of rats have been killed, they appear almost as numerous as ever.

Messrs. T. Hobbs and Son, contractors for the removal of the ashes from houses in the parish of Paddington, were fined £3, at the Marylebone Police Court, for neglecting for five weeks to remove the ashes from the residence of Dr. Lennox Brown. The defendant, who is a very short-handed man, said that he was very short-handed, and that the magistrate said there was no excuse for so long a delay, and that if another complaint were made the fine would be increased.

Arrangements are being made for the opening of the Forth Bridge by the Prince of Wales on March 4th. The Board of Trade inspection takes place early next month, but owing to the backward state of the Glenfarg Railway regular traffic will not be commenced till June. It is proposed to run an engine, carriage, and van across the bridge on the 23rd inst. The Prince of Wales has intimated to Sir John Fowler his desire to drive the last bolt.

Colonel North has paid £250 for his best dog. The kennels at Eltham are sumptuously fitted up. There is a doctor's room, where a dog who has a slight cold is immediately attended to. The kennels are also fitted up with a large number of dog coats, that probably cost about 16s. each. In the feeding-house you see upon the tables shoulders of mutton. Because one shoulder was a little tainted the other day the butcher had to take it back. Here are also prime pieces of beef weighing about 23lb. each.

A young girl, named Mary Gny, has been presented, at Newry Petty Sessions, by Colonel Evans, R.M., on behalf of the Royal Society for the Protection of Life from Fire (London), with an illuminated testimonial in vellum, in recognition of her prompt and courageous conduct in saving her mother's life during a fire in her house at Omagh, near Newry, on October 1st, when, at the imminent risk of her own life, she dashed into the burning building and pulled her mother out from under the burning debris when the roof had fallen in.

Early on Wednesday morning an engine and fifty coal wagons were leaving Mexborough Station for Doncaster, when the engine turned into a siding and crashed into a passenger train. It left the rails, plunging up the permanent way for some distance, and became embedded. Had it proceeded a few yards further, it would have fallen into the river. A portion of the signal-box was broken in by a falling van, and the signalman sprang out of the box in fear of being killed. The driver stuck to his engine, but the fireman jumped off as soon as the collision occurred.

A burglary was perpetrated at the post office, Milford Bridge, a village adjoining Lowestoft, on Tuesday night. It is alleged that a young man named Yeld, who was engaged in the post office by the postmaster, and slept on the premises, forced his way through two doors into the office, and robbed the safe of postal orders amounting to £71. He endeavoured to cash two of the orders at Wrentham at half-past seven the next morning, but, as there was no issuing signature upon them, the suspicious nature of the postmaster was aroused, and he sent for the police. Yeld was taken into custody, and brought before the magistrates and remanded.

The Postmaster-General on Wednesday evening presided at a dinner to celebrate the jubilee of uniform penny postage. In commencing his speech, Mr. Baikes read a telegram from the Egyptian Government, stating that they were just adopting the great reform which was being celebrated in London. He then pointed out that this uniform cheap postage had been one of the great objects of the peaceful revolutions of this century. Having shown how the reform had been effected by the scheme of Rowland Hill, and how his anticipations had been more than realised, Mr. Baikes dwelt upon the enormous development

of our postal system and its immense advantages to the population of the United Kingdom.

According to the Lancet, a child was born last week with the measles.

The Mayor of New Orleans has prohibited all prize fights and glove matches in that city.

An American paper says that in Chicago about 20,000 people have influenza, and about 500,000 more think they have it.

"La grippe" does not travel by contagion, but leaps all over the country at once. It seems to be really, as is claimed, a Russian disease.

One of the hardest tests a man can give to his self-respect is to sit down and read a five-year-old love letter from his own pen.

It is very strange that among those who set themselves up as great guns the ones of the smallest calibre are the biggest bores.

Amongst the applicants who sought Mr. Elade's advice at Southwark Police Court the other day, were two women who complained of the disappearance of their husbands.

"Marriage with a tinge of romance" is what they call it in Kansas when the aged father rides after the couple and shoots the hat off the bridegroom's head with an army carbine.

Mrs. George Droscher, of Cincinnati, has just given birth to a daughter who was born provided with several teeth. She has now, at the age of about three weeks, a complete set of "ivories."

William Row, shoemaker, has been committed for trial at Newcastle, charged with wilfully murdering Lillian McClelland, a young woman, whom he cohabited. The prisoner said there was more money in the house than he earned, and that was the cause of the bother.

Approval of the terrible catastrophe at the Forest Gate Workhouse Schools the other day, the leading newspapers have been announcing that the "Industrial School of Forestry," near London, was burned down on New Year's Day. This is pretty good even for continental journalism.

It is not often that we hear of twins with different birthplaces, but the children of Mrs. George Carter, of Janesborough, U.S.A., were born in an express train on the Cincinnati, Wabash, and Michigan Railway within ten minutes of one another. A collection was raised among her fellow-passengers.

Mr. P. A. M'Hugh, proprietor and editor of the Sligo Champion, was, at Sligo, for publishing his stirring notice, sentenced to four months' imprisonment, without hard labour, and at the end of that period to give security for his good behaviour, or go to prison for two months longer. Notice of appeal was given.

Several violent shocks of earthquake occurred in Carinthia the other night, their direction being from south-east to north-west. In the theatre at Klagenfurt, which was densely packed, the seismic disturbance caused a panic, which was heightened by a false alarm of fire. The audience, however, soon became reassured, and there was no accident to life or limb.

A curious "coincidence" story comes from Goshen, Georgia, U.S.A. Mrs. Frederick La Bault died on September 29th last of dropsy, at the age of 57 years two months and eight days. A few days ago her husband departed this life, when it was ascertained that his age was at death precisely the same as his wife's was when she died.

Bawal, the Indian town, was astonished recently. A stranger entered the town in the early hours, killed one of the inhabitants, and attacked half a dozen others, mauling one of his victims so badly that he died in hospital. The people of Bawal, to the number of 500, then organised an expedition against the intruder, and the brute was shot dead after a lively hunt of an hour. He measured ten feet six inches.

Margie Thompson, a seven-year-old child, of Cleveland, Ohio, disappeared while on her way home from school. A month later her body was found under the house of Otto Leuth's father, six or eight doors from the house of the Thompson family. Young Leuth was arrested, and he confessed that he had enticed the child into an upper room of his home when his parents were away. He assaulted and then killed her with a hammer.

Some queer proposals have been sent to Mr. Stanley. The Edison Phonograph Company is asked to have tried to tempt him with £25,000 to speak 1,000 words into a phonograph, and to have sent him one of the latest patterns as a present. The proprietors of a museum at Vienna have offered him £200 for the sole right of exhibiting a bust of him in wax. No wonder Mr. Stanley hesitates to come to Europe!

Mr. Croft, auctioneer, of Mold, was mobbed the other day by an anti-tithe crowd at Glan Conway. When he arrived to distrain, in company with Mr. Woodin, of Chester, horns were blown and an excited crowd gathered. The party was followed from farm to farm. At one place they were locked in; at another Mr. Croft was pelted with rotten eggs; and at length the crowd became so violent that the party had to beat a hurried retreat.

"Stays v. No Stays" was the subject of a competition instituted a short time back at a London girls' school. Eight girls on either side tried which could jump highest, leap furthest, pull hardest, and run fastest. The result of the high jump is not given, but the unprotected cruisers were successful in the long jump, the tug of war, and the races. Some say that the armour-clad girls were deficient in "staying" power, but that is manifestly absurd.

A large number of small district railway stations on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway have lately been broken into, including Fallowfield, Moscow Gate, Merton, Ringley, Flockton, on the London and North-Western line, and Walkden. The robber or robbers are supposed to have been the same at each station. At Walkden Station, which was visited last week, a memorandum was left behind stating that the offender was an old railway servant.

Dr. Terence M'Grath, L.R.C.P., of Dublin, expired suddenly the other night in the casualty-room of St. Thomas's Hospital. The deceased gentleman, whose surgery was in Regent-street, Lambeth Walk, was well-known as a local medical practitioner. He had for a short time suffered from an attack of pneumonia, and Dr. Leitch, of the Brixton-road, had conveyed him to the hospital with the view of having him admitted as an in-patient, when he suddenly expired.

Considerable excitement was occasioned at Windsor the other night by a serious fire which suddenly broke out shortly after eleven o'clock in the yard of Mr. R. Allen, a boatbuilder, whose premises are situated by the side of the Thames, opposite Eton. The flames from the burning workshop were driven by a strong westerly wind against the backs of several houses in River-street, and, much to the alarm of the inmates, who had to hastily evacuate their dwellings, portions of which were speedily set alight by the conflagration. The workshop and its contents were entirely destroyed.

The Prussian Diet was opened on Wednesday with a royal speech, which was read by the Secretary of State. Beyond the announcement that the relations with foreign Powers are everywhere good, the speech was devoted exclusively to domestic affairs. It expressed satisfaction that the employers of labour had, in many cases, removed the just grievances of their men, and a hope that consequently there would be no recurrence of the strikes. His Majesty also announced the introduction of the principle of life interest in the purchase of agricultural estates.

A young man named David Hogarth Freeman has died at Sheffield from the effects of a fall from a horizontal bar. He was studying for the excise, and was on a visit to a brother, an excise officer at Sheffield. He joined a gymnasium which is in connection with one of the churches. Ten days ago, whilst practising on a horizontal bar, he fell and sustained a laceration of the spine. At the time he did not appear to be seriously injured, and was able to walk home. He shortly afterwards, however, became ill, and a week after the accident he

became unconscious. Death took place on Tuesday from, it is believed, concussion of the brain.

During December the Edinburgh authorities seized a vast quantity of unseasoned meat, 12,233lb.

Mr. John H. Stringer, the well-known theatrical manager, died in Manchester on Thursday.

In the Birmingham city hospital the number of cases of scarlet fever is 289, as compared with 484, the maximum number during the epidemic.

For harbouring ten and other articles on which duty had not been paid, George Robinson, a coffee-house keeper of Commercial-road, was fined £25 at the Thames Police Court on Thursday.

A few days ago there was sold at Edinburgh a book containing the actual warrant condemning Porteous, of the City Guard, "to be hanged by the neck upon a gibbet until he be dead."

The price of quinine has risen this week in consequence of the inroads made upon the available stock by the consumption of influenza patients.

James Earl was digging out brick earth at Upper Hellewell, near Norwich, when he was buried up to his neck by a fall of clay. He was rescued, but two hours later died at the hospital.

It is said of the 330,000,000 in China 1 in 10 is engaged in agriculture, 1 in 100 in the building trades, and 120 in tailoring, while 1 in 9 is a washerman.

An order has been made at the Thames Police Court to destroy from 5,000 to 6,000 boxes of oranges, recovered from the steamship Andrew after being sunk in the Thames for three weeks.

The new composite gunvessel Goldfish, 6,800 tons, 1,200 horse-power, which has been selected for service on the Australian Station, is preparing for sea at Sheerness Dockyard, where she was built.

King Alexander of Servia, who, after his coronation, sent his portrait to the Czar, has received a finely painted portrait in oils of the Russian Emperor, accompanied by a gracious autograph letter.

The North Londoners—or, rather, the lalingtonians—are grateful to the Clothworkers' Company. They are to receive a donation from the company of £3,000 towards the establishment of their technical institute.

"What a noise!" exclaimed Sir Andrew Lusk, at the Guildhall, "is made over running some wretched cur of a dog, while horses, the most useful of all animals, are used day by day in a most frightfully cruel manner."

Mr. Isaac Pitman says that thousands of shorthand communications, "both in the hand of business and in private correspondence, pass through the post every week, and are read by the recipients as easily as ordinary longhand."

During a children's treat at Arundel Castle, a child named Hudson, aged 8, fell from one of the drawbridges, a distance of thirty feet. He pitched on his head in some very soft mud, and, contrary to expectation, sustained comparatively little injury.

On Thursday morning the body of a child was found in the gutter in Edinburgh-road, Bow, with its throat cut. The police were at once communicated with. A tall thin woman, wearing a white apron, had been seen loitering about the spot with a bundle shortly before the body was found.

Intelligence was received at Ramsgate on Thursday that the smack Excelsior R 415, Forman master, was run to by a light barque, and was known to the North Foreland. One of her crew was killed, the foremost smashed, and the smack disabled. The Ramsgate smack Vulcan went out to render assistance.

At Portsmouth, Alice Ingram, 32, was charged with stealing a watch and chain, a bracelet, and other jewellery and wearing apparel, valued together at £120, from Mrs. Constance Jane Simpson, of Castlemead House, Southsea, in whose service the prisoner had been. The accused was remanded.

A telegram from Zanzibar states that the report of the capture of German officers by Arabs is, happily, unfounded. A German armed expedition to Usambara has started, under the command of Dr. Schmidt and Lieutenant Ehlers. No resistance is expected. Simboja, the aged chief, being thoroughly frightened.

Whilst Police-constable 254 of the City Police was regulating the traffic in Fenchurch-street, he asked some one to call out "Police!" and on doing so round a person fell to the ground. The policeman promptly picked him up in a cab, but whilst they were proceeding over London Bridge, en route for Guy's Hospital, he expired.



By LARRY LYNX



THE THIRKETTLE DIVORCE CASE.

**Conviction for Perjury.**  
At the Central Criminal Court, Henry James Thirkettle, 45, was indicted for wilful and corrupt perjury committed in the Divorce Court. It appeared there had been cross-examination between a gentleman named Thirkettle and his wife, both parties alleging that adultery had been committed by the other. The defendant was in support of Mr. Thirkettle's petition he had falsely sworn that he had driven Mrs. Thirkettle and a gentleman to a certain house. This was positively denied by Mrs. Thirkettle and other witnesses. The defendant was found guilty. The Recorder said the prisoner had a direct motive to give the evidence he had done, and he sentenced him to twelve months' imprisonment, with hard labour.

BURIED BANK NOTES.

**A Conscience-stricken Girl.**  
At the Dalton Police Court, Nina Bennett, a child of 11, was charged, on her own confession, with stealing, since August 7th last, three £5 Bank of England notes and a purse, the property of James Nash, who is a printer's reader, residing at 55, Woodstock-road, Holloway. He stated that the child was adopted by his mother-in-law when she was seven weeks old. On August 7th last he drew the three notes from the City Bank, but not wishing to use them he put them in an old purse in his trousers pocket and left the trousers on a hook in his bedroom until Christmas Eve. On that day he looked for the purse and found that it had disappeared. He made inquiries, and succeeded in tracing two of the notes to the Bank of England, and the purse with some old receipts for a house he owned in Richmond-street, Marylebone, was handed to him by a stationer in the Seven Sisters-road, who said he had found it behind some boards in the shop. On the 10th inst. the girl confessed to having stolen the notes. Mrs. Eliza Paul, the foster-mother of the prisoner, said the girl was suspected when the notes were missed, as she had been previously dishonest. Sometimes when witnesses sent her on an errand with a shilling she would return and say that witness had forgotten to give her any money, or that she had only given her sixpence. On January 10th she came to her, and said she could keep it on her conscience no longer. She had stolen the purse and the notes. One she had changed at a post-office in Station-road, Holloway, and the other two with £3 10s. of the money she had obtained, she had buried in the front garden of a house in Woodstock-road, accompanied by witness and a friend, who had taken her away from the earth from under a tree with her fingers, but neither notes nor money were to be found, and the search met with no better success when the garden was dug over with a spade. The witness now thought it would be better for the child if she could be got into some school. Mr. Corser thought so too, and remanded the girl.

TERRIFIC GALE IN CANADA.

**A Train Blown off the Line.**  
A terrific gale, accompanied by heavy rain, swept over Ontario and Quebec a few days ago, and, according to reports received, caused great damage everywhere. Churches, dwelling-houses, and other buildings have been unroofed, and chimneys, fences, and trees blown down. Several persons were injured, but no loss of life is reported. At Niagara a factory, in which fifteen girls were at work, was blown down, but all the inmates were rescued unharmed, with the exception of one girl, who had her leg broken. Two gey ropes broke at the new bridge across the river, in place of the one recently blown down. At the station, a train on the Grand Trunk line was blown off the track and precipitated into a ditch, three of the passengers being badly hurt, while several others received slight injuries. The gale also caused great havoc among the telegraph wires, and the service in many districts was interrupted. On the Ontario and Quebec Rail, a fat car was started rolling by the wind. After running about ten miles it collided with a construction train two miles west of Chatham, Ontario, killing two and severely injuring twenty of the workmen. The injured men, one of whom was not expected to recover, were taken to West Chatham to be attended to.

A REMARKABLE SILVER SALE.

A sale took place the other day at Prince's Gate, when a portion of the effects of Lord Acton were brought under the hammer by Messrs. Gould-Smith, of Belgrave-square. The prices realised for the china and silver were remarkable. A Capodi Monte china vase and cover, richly mounted with chased ormolu, on marble base, fetched £75, although the vase was only 18in. high. The interest of the sale, however, centred in the disposition of a set of three very curious antique chased and embossed silver-gilt vases and covers. They were of the date 1603, and were described as Lombardic. The lot was started at 100s., and the bidding, which were very brisk, eventually rose to £1,400, at which price the lot was knocked down to Mr. Phillips. As the tray weight of the articles was only 800s., the price given was on the average about 12s. per ounce. Generally, high prices were realised.

A BREECHES POCKET QUESTION.

**Under Lord Salisbury.**  
Five years of office resulted in an estimated deficit of over four million pounds. The national expenditure has gone down from ninety-two millions to eighty-six millions. Imperial taxation was increased by a net seven millions. The National Debt was reduced in five years by twenty-six millions, or five millions per annum. Our imports and exports declined in value from six hundred and thirty-seven millions in 1885 to six hundred and eighteen millions in 1889. The value of our colonial trade went down to the extent of nine millions. The capital in Post Office Savings Banks increased by fourteen millions in five years. The income-tax was increased by a net two millions a year. Fourteen millions were spent in war or preparations for war. Local taxation was increased by two millions a year. An abortive attempt was made to convert the National Debt. It was proposed to lend eight millions of English money to the Bank of America. An attempt was made to debase the gold coinage by issuing half-crown coins of value of nine shillings. The Navy was under the proper strength, and the defensive force of the country was wholly insufficient for its needs. The price of stocks, shares, and securities of all kinds remained stationary or declined in value. The price of leading securities had advanced, and new enterprises have sprung into existence in almost every direction. Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, is ill at Luton. Her husband, with an attack of bronchitis. Her highness, with the Duke of Teck and Princess Victoria, arrived there last week on a visit to the Danish ambassador and Madame de Falbe.

NOTICE.

To avoid loss of time and inconvenience, all communications on business matters should be addressed to the MANAGER, and not to the EDITOR.

PERSONAL.

SHOULD JOHN or HELEN BORRITT see this, Alice Baynes, 7, South-street, would like to hear.

A DENTIST (77) Correspond with Widow or otherwise, small 2d. weekly, -11111, care of Joseph, 121, Tottenham-street, London Bridge.

LATE of Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, -WILLIAM JAGGER, is requested to communicate with his brother, R. J. Jagger, of H.M.S. Imogene, Constantinople, who will do all that is necessary.

THIRTEEN POUNDS REWARD. -Lost, a WHITE TANKARD, BITCH, black and tan head, black spot on back. Whoever brings the same to 107, Sloane-street, will receive above reward.

DAVID MORGAN JONES left London when 18 years old with a party of Mormons in 1856 for New Orleans. He had a brother, a bachelor, and a sister. Relatives will hear of something greatly to their advantage by applying to W. J. ARMITAGE, 31, Strand-street, Notting Hill.

SPECIAL PREPAID RATES.

Advertisements relating to Situations Wanted or Vacant, Houses or Apartments to Let or Wanted, Losses or Found, or Articles for Sale, are charged at a SPECIAL LOW RATE OF 1s. FOR 16 WORDS AND 6d. PER LINE, OR EIGHT WORDS, AFTER.

These rates apply only to private or individual advertisements, and are not intended for advertisements of the above descriptions when sent by the advertiser in his trade or professional character. Prepayment is indispensable.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

GENERAL SERVANT, 19, 18 months' character, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

GENERAL SERVANT, 17, 18 months' character, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

GENERAL SERVANT, age 21, tall, neat appearance, able to do plain cooking, 18 months' character, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

YOUNG SERVANT, age 15, very respectable, willing girl, need to housework, good character, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

GENERAL SERVANT, age 15, able to plain cook, neat appearance, 18 months' character, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

GENERAL SERVANT, middle-aged, active, active woman, plain cooking, 21 years' personal character, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

YOUNG GENERAL, age 16, neat, respectable, hard working, 18 months' character, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

GENERAL SERVANT, age 17, able to do little washing and ironing, 18 months' character, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

GENERAL SERVANT, age 15, willing and obliging, fond of children, one year's character, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

GENERAL SERVANT, age 18, neat, respectable, good character, recipient of our gold watch, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

GENERAL SERVANT, age 20, tall, neat appearance, no frills, plain cooking and little washing, 9 years' personal character, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

YOUNG GENERAL SERVANT, respectable, willing, neat appearance, 18 months' character, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

GOOD GENERAL SERVANT or HOUSEMAID, age 25, tall, neat appearance, understands plain cooking and waiting, one who can do the ironing and 6 months' character, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

GENERAL SERVANT, age 21, very respectable, cook plainly, little washing, fond of children, 6 months' character, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

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GENERAL SERVANT, age 21, very respectable, cook plainly, little washing, fond of children, 6 months' character, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

GOOD GENERAL SERVANT, 25 to 30, in family, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

NURSEMAID, 17, 3 children, general kept, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

UNDER SERVANT, about 18, 3 other servants kept, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

BOX HANDS, indoor and out, plain and fancy, -Apply, Albion Works, 78, Roman-road, Old Ford, E.

WANTED, a Strong Girl as GENERAL, -Apply, 35, Milton-road, West Kensington; near Addison-road, Station.

SHIRT IRONSERS wanted, for new work; constant employment; -Apply, MATTHEWS, 62, Garden-court, London, E.C.

WANTED at once, a STRONG GIRL, as general servant, -Apply, Harrington Hotel, Gloucester-road, South Kensington.

HOUSEMAID, 25 to 30, plain and neat, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

GENERAL SERVANT, respectable girl, about 18, 18 months' character, -Mrs. S. L. Leitch, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

ONE PERSON wanted, in every town, to distribute circulars, good pay given. -Address at once, WILLIAM ARCHER, Southend, Essex.

GOOD PLAIN COOK wanted, age 25 to 30, small family, 3 other servants kept, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

YOUNG SERVANT wanted, age 15 to 17, to assist mistress, small family, no washing, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

GENERAL SERVANT, age 20 to 25, little knowledge of cooking, 18 months' character, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

NURSE wanted, age 18 to 20, for 1 baby, comfortable place, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

NURSEMAID wanted, age 16, small family, another servant kept, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

UNDER HOUSEMAID wanted, age about 18, small family, high-road, Kensington.

GENERAL SERVANT wanted, age about 25, in family, boy kept, no washing, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

PLAIN COOK wanted, age about 25, in family, good place, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

HOUSEMAID wanted, age 25, plain and neat, small family, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

GENERAL SERVANT, age about 22, small family, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

GOOD PLAIN COOK wanted, for a small family, good home, may place wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

YOUNG GIRL wanted, to assist in the kitchen, good place, high-road, Kensington.

GENERAL SERVANT wanted, for a family of 3 ladies, easy, quiet place, boy kept, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

HOUSE and PARLOURMAID, small family, house-keeping, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

PARLOURMAID, age about 25, medium family, 3 servants kept, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

PLAIN COOK, age under 30, soup, fish, and few made dishes, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

GENERAL SERVANT, age 16 to 24, small family, no washing, little cooking, private house, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

GENERAL SERVANT, age 20 to 25, in family, good plain cooking, no washing, good situation, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

USEFUL MAID wanted, age about 18, must be respectable and handy with needle, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

GENERAL SERVANT, age 17, no washing or cooking, to assist generally, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

GENERAL SERVANT, age 24, for a bachelor gentleman, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

HOUSE and PARLOURMAID, age 18 to 20, small family, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

SITUATIONS VACANT (CONTINUED).

OFFICE LAD wanted, must write legibly and quickly, and be accustomed to the working of a typewriter. The Globe's Office, Strand.

EXPERIENCED NURSES (England and Abroad), HOUSEMAIDS, and GENERAL SERVANTS wanted at once; several good vacancies. -Apply to F. W. Hetherington, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

WANTED, a thorough good GENERAL SERVANT, not under 18, in a doctor's house, 2 in family, good personal character, strictly regular. -Apply by letter only, in first instance, to A. Hetherington, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

TWO SERVANTS, -PLAIN COOK, 25 to 30, in good General Servant, 2 in family, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

UNDER NURSE wanted, age 16 to 25, must be able to do plain needlework, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

GOOD addition to income secured by selling our Matchless and other goods, in the most profitable terms in the trade; certain sale; with either cash or credit. -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

12S. 6d. A WEEK salary offered either cash (able to wait) or by cheque, for a person, sent for 1s. 6d. -SMITH and CO., Chesham-road, North Kensington, London, Gennine.

COOK wanted, £18 to £22; HOUSE and PARLOURMAID, £18 to £22; also GENERAL SERVANT to help. -Apply to Mrs. Hetherington, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

WORKING HOUSEKEEPER or Good General Servant wanted, age 20 to 25, only 1 in family, small family, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

OCCUPATION, Profitable and Pleasant. -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

GOLD WATCH GIVEN as a Reward to all Female Servants who have remained in their situations two years. For particulars, see DOMESTIC HELP, published by the same, 1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

ALL SERVANTS seeking situations should at once apply to Mrs. Hetherington, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

COOK, Housemaid, or General Servant, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

TO COOKS. -Wanted immediately, at the WESTERN AMBULANCE STATION, Seagrave-road, Fenchurch, a good cook, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

TO GENERAL SERVANTS. -Wanted immediately, at the WESTERN AMBULANCE STATION, Seagrave-road, Fenchurch, a good general servant, wages 2s. 6d. weekly, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

MEY, Young, Boys, all Classes, Town, Country, Colonies, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

WANTED, a Free OFF-LICENSE, not to exceed £200; must be best position; no objection. -Full particulars, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

OFF-LICENSE, with or without General, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

£30 OFFER, -DAIRY and PROVISIONS, ready money, £10 weekly; only wants seeing. -Apply, 45, Wandsworth-road, S.W., personally or letter.

£35 CASH, -BEERHOUSE, main street, near Commercial-road, E.; a good position for a business couple. -Apply, Highgate Brewery, Holloway, N.

SADDLE and HARNESS MAKERS. Old-established business to let, Fenchurch; no objection; large neighbourhood; immediate possession; any terms. -Address, BEAUMONT BRIDGE, Fenchurch, South-east, Fenchurch.

£20 OFFER, -A SMALL GENTLEMAN'S BUSINESS, in the best position, -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

ONLY £20, -SAUSAGE, LUNCHEON, and SUPER BAR, good business, shop, parlour, large kitchen; rent 16s. per week; three years' agreement; omnibus; ready money; good chance of making; see this at once. -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

CHANCE OF LIFETIME, -BAKER'S, good corner lot; rent 10s. per week; sacrifice through family troubles; buy thoroughfare; nice home and every convenience; and a large business; see this at once. -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

£45 will purchase a beautifully-fitted TOBACCONIST'S, with gas cases; bold looking shop; good living trade; main thoroughfare and near the park; no objection; accommodation; extensive stabling; every convenience; Tobacco, 3, Brownwood Villas, Portway, West Ham, Essex.

BUTCHER'S BUSINESS to be disposed of in a main road; 100 ft. frontage; 100 ft. depth; a bargain. -1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

BARGAIN, -Closest Park, 10 per cent. -Well-built, TEN-ROOMED HOUSE; 100 ft. garden; let at £250; tenant pays taxes; lease 99 years at £25; lowest price £200 (cash); most may remain; owner wants money. -Write, T. 1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

CONFECTIONERY and REFRESHMENT BUSINESS, for sale, in a grand position, nearly opposite People's Palace; large stock, fixtures, &c.; price £200; rent 2s. 6d. weekly, including rates; good shop, parlour, kitchen, &c. -Apply, 1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

TO HAIRDRESSERS. -First-class business in the above for sale, in a grand position, nearly opposite People's Palace; large stock, fixtures, &c.; price £200; rent 2s. 6d. weekly, including rates; good shop, parlour, kitchen, &c. -Apply, 1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

BARGAIN, -Hall's Pond, No. 47, Canterbury-road, garden, &c., in good repair; let to most excellent tenant at £250 per annum and taxes; lease 99 years; rent only £25; lowest price £200 (cash); most may remain; owner wants money. -Write, T. 1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

ONLY £20 DOWN, Balance at 5s. per month. -A Pretty DOUBLE-FRONTED HOUSE, 1 minute from St. Andrew's Church, Fenchurch, 100 ft. garden; let at £250; tenant pays taxes; lease 99 years at £25; lowest price £200 (cash); most may remain; owner wants money. -Write, T. 1111, W. Hetherington's, 109, Queen's-road, Fenchurch.

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**LONDON SCHOOL BOARD AND  
INSANITARY SCHOOLS.**

At Thursday's meeting of the London School Board, under the presidency of the Rev. J. R. Diggle, Mr. Lobb asked the chairman of the Works Committee whether it was a fact that, at the instance of the sanitary inspector of the Board of Works for the Poplar District, the board school, High-street, Bromley, was closed in the month of July, 1893, in consequence of its unsanitary condition.—Mr. Helby said that the second meeting having been closed during 1893, and the sanitary inspector in his letter of July 6th stated that there was no necessity to close the school on account of the typhoid fever epidemic.—Mr. Lobb asked if it was a fact that the death of an assistant-master, an epidemic of scarlet fever, and other zymotic diseases among the children, teachers, the school-keeper, and his family, resulted from the school, and the drains?—Mr. Helby said he had had the records run through, and could find nothing to bear out this statement.—The only thing he knew of the matter was a statement signed by a Mr. M. Smith on January 10th, 1890, and handed to him by Mr. Lobb. In answer to a further question, Mr. Helby said it was a fact that Mr. Bailey, the architect, gave the final certificate on November 8th, 1888, for the costs, amounting to 2147 5s. 6d. for the sanitary improvements carried out at this school.—Mr. Lobb was then re-interested by Mr. Helby that, with respect to the answer to Mr. Helby that, with respect to the school, to Gloster House, Board School, Bethnal Green, during the process the contractors who examined the infants' department in consequence of foul and sickening smells complained of by the teachers and children (many of whom had been stricken down by scarlet fever and diphtheria) had discovered that immediately under the floor there was deposited decomposed vegetable matter instead of hard debris or concrete, and that that was the reason why the Works Committee had given instructions to the contractors to remove all and lay down three inches of concrete.—Mr. Lobb: Is it a fact that a further report of the superior officer for repairs, dated January 8th, 1890, disclosed a most serious unsanitary condition of Sidney-road Board School, Homerton, and that the officer states that it has been found necessary to overhaul and partially reconstruct the whole of the sanitary arrangements of that school at an estimated cost of about £250 to £400, and that the cost of the school is £2350?—Mr. Helby stated that the school was never reported that, with the exception of relaying the main drain, it had been necessary to overhaul and partly reconstruct the whole of the sanitary arrangements, and put them in a permanently sound and healthy condition, at an approximate cost of between £250 and £400.—Sir Philip Magnus was elected a member of the board.

### A TROADERO DISPUTE.

At the Westminster County Court on Thursday the case of Egerton v. Adams came before Judge Bayley. The plaintiff, Mr. Frank Egerton, a comic vocalist, sought to recover £250 for breach of contract from Mr. W. N. Armstrong, the manager of the Troadero. Mr. Egerton, in opening the case, said his client entered into a contract on June 26th of last year with Mr. Hehl, the former manager of the Troadero, to sing at that place for six weeks at a salary of £4 a week. As his health was rather bad he saw Mr. Adams, who had by this time become manager, and asked him to continue his engagement, which Mr. Adams agreed to do. The songs he was to sing were submitted to the manager for approval, and he commenced his engagement. After performing there for twelve nights Mr. Adams gave him notice to leave, giving him no reason, and although he afterwards tendered his services Mr. Adams would not allow him to perform. Mr. Hehl said he had authorized the engagement for Mr. Squire, who was the enterpriser appointed by the Court of Chancery. The defendant now held that position, having been appointed by the court in October. The honour said Mr. Hehl had no authority to bind Mr. Adams, and there must be a verdict for the defendant, with costs.

### A CITY BURGLARY.

In the early hours of Thursday morning the premises of Messrs. Rowley and Brook, hatter, 24, Newbury-street, Clothfair, were burglariously entered. According to information obtained from the police, it appears that whilst Constable 240 of the City police was going his rounds, shortly after three o'clock, he observed the door of the warehouse open. His suspicions being aroused, he obtained assistance and made a thorough examination of the premises. The thieves had evidently been disturbed in their work, drawers, boxes, &c., had been ransacked, but although every crevice was searched no trace whatever could be discovered of the burglar. Ingress had been obtained by the forcing of the front door, which, by the statement of the applicant, was the only door of the premises. On the arrival, it was found that several small articles of value were missing, including a number of post-stamps.

# MONEY MARKET.

CITY, Saturday.

Business was quiet on the Stock Exchange day. The Funds were steady. Home Railways were less firm. American Railways more favorably inclined. The feature among Canadian Railways was a fall off in the Canadian Pacific. Foreign Railways were quiet. Latest quotations:—Consols, 97 1/4; ditto account, 97 7/8 9-16; Treas & Half, 94 1/4.

## FOREIGN STOCKS.

Argentina, 1000, 918, 3/4	Peruvia 6 per Cents, 55, 3/4
Chilian, 188, 1008, 1018	Ditto 1 per Cents, 17, 3/4
Colon, 1000, 1000, 1000	1 per Cents, 17, 3/4
Ditto United, 62, 1000, 5/8	Union, 4 per Cents, 34
Ditto Peru, 1000, 1000, 5/8	Spanish 3 per Cents, 41, 3/4
Ditto 1000, 1000, 1000	Spanish 3 per Cents, 41, 3/4
French 3 per Cents, 100, 5/8	Spanish 3 per Cents, 41, 3/4
Hongkong 4 p. C., 100, 100, 5/8	Spanish 3 per Cents, 41, 3/4
India, 1000, 1000, 1000	Ditto, 100, 100, 100
London, 1000, 1000, 1000	Ditto, 100, 100, 100
Manila, 1000, 1000, 1000	Ditto, 100, 100, 100
Paraguay Bonds, 1000, 42, 3/4	Ditto, 100, 100, 100

## BRITISH RAILWAYS.

Belchior Railway, 100, 51	Metropolitan, 75, 60
Ditto Derby, 100, 51	North London, 100, 51
Colindale, 100, 51	Midland, 100, 51
Clapham Railway, 75, 60	North British, 100, 51
Ditto Great Central, 100, 51	North Staffordshire, 112, 100
Great Eastern, 100, 51	North-Western, 100, 51
Great Northern, 100, 51	North-Western, 100, 51
Great Western, 100, 51	Ditto, 100, 51
London & North, 100, 51	South-Eastern, 100, 51
London & Yorkshire, 100, 51	South-Western, 100, 51

## UNITED STATES RAILWAYS.

Central Pacific, 100, 51	Ontario, 100, 51
Ditto Erie, 100, 51	Quebec & Montreal, 100, 51
Ditto Great Central, 100, 51	St. John & Miramichi, 100, 51
Ditto Great Northern, 100, 51	Ditto St. John & Miramichi, 100, 51
Ditto Great Western, 100, 51	Ditto St. John & Miramichi, 100, 51
Ditto Illinois & Michigan, 100, 51	Ditto St. John & Miramichi, 100, 51
Ditto Kansas & Oklahoma, 100, 51	Ditto St. John & Miramichi, 100, 51
Ditto Missouri & Arkansas, 100, 51	Ditto St. John & Miramichi, 100, 51
Ditto New York Central, 100, 51	Ditto St. John & Miramichi, 100, 51

## OTHER AMERICAN RAILWAYS.

Canadian Pacific, 100, 51	Cal. Transp. & Pac., 100, 51
Ditto Erie, 100, 51	Ditto Erie, 100, 51
Ditto Great Central, 100, 51	Ditto Erie, 100, 51
Ditto Great Northern, 100, 51	Ditto Erie, 100, 51
Ditto Great Western, 100, 51	Ditto Erie, 100, 51
Ditto Illinois & Michigan, 100, 51	Ditto Erie, 100, 51
Ditto Kansas & Oklahoma, 100, 51	Ditto Erie, 100, 51
Ditto Missouri & Arkansas, 100, 51	Ditto Erie, 100, 51
Ditto New York Central, 100, 51	Ditto Erie, 100, 51

## MINES.

Montana, 100, 51	St. John & Miramichi, 100, 51
Ditto, 100, 51	Ditto, 100, 51
Ditto, 100, 51	Ditto, 100, 51
Ditto, 100, 51	Ditto, 100, 51
Ditto, 100, 51	Ditto, 100, 51

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Albany, 100, 51	Albany, 100, 51
Barnes & Co., 100, 51	Barnes & Co., 100, 51
Bryant & May, 100, 51	Bryant & May, 100, 51
Canal & Co., 100, 51	Canal & Co., 100, 51
Canal & Co., 100, 51	Canal & Co., 100, 51

The annual meeting of the National Rifle Association, to prepare for the first prize meeting at the New Wimbledon, on Duple Common, will be held on February 27th, at the Royal United Services Institution.

Printed and Published by ARTHUR GERRARD LARKE, late Proprietor of their Office, Milford-st. Street, in Parish of St. Clement Dane, in the County of Middlesex, on January 18th 1890.